



WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

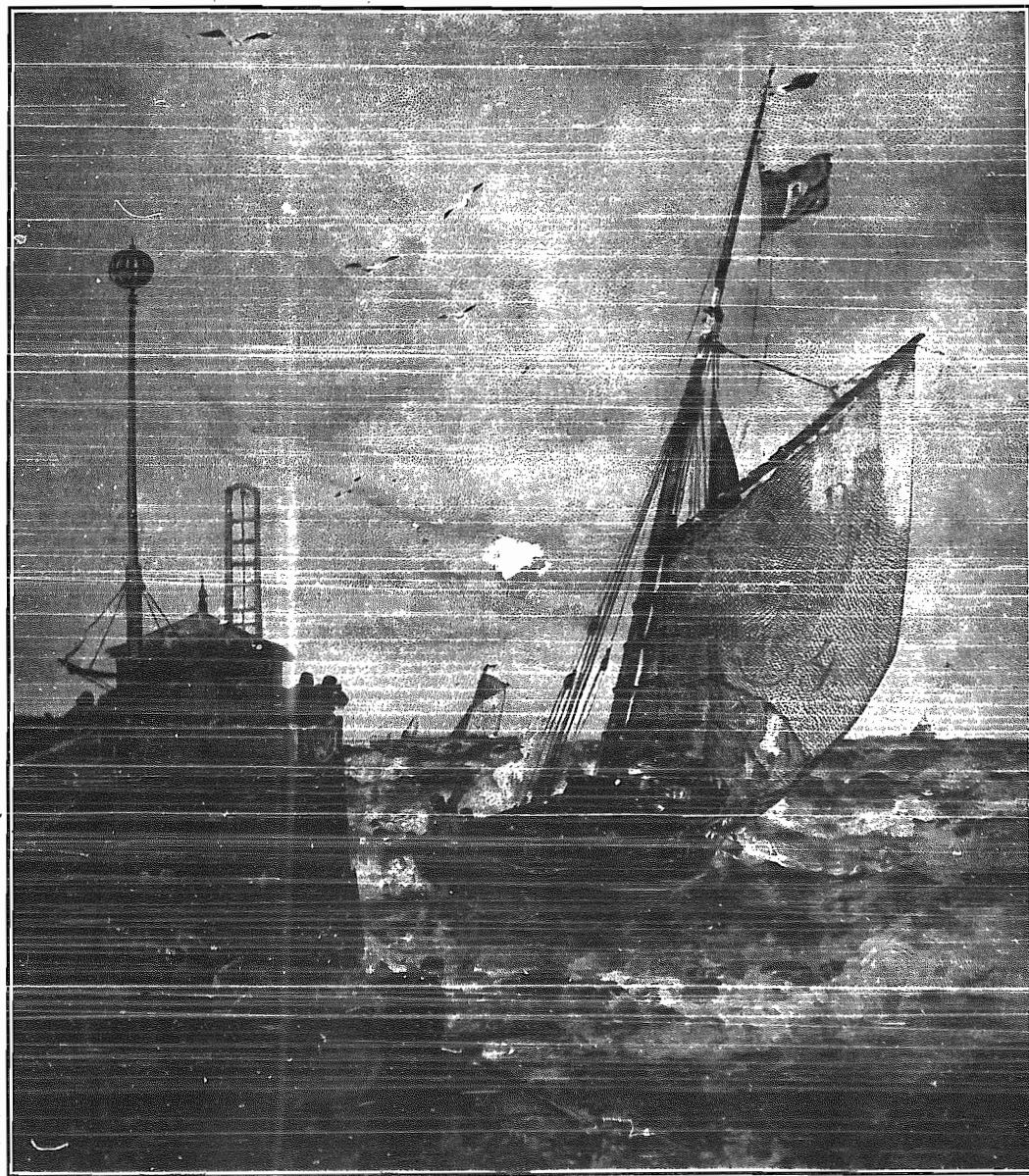
18th Year. No. 28.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1902.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

(See article p. 4.)

A Coin's Lament.

By ADJT. C. A. PERRY.

"We all have our troubles," said the speaker. "Yes, life is full of trouble. It is not one thing; it is another. My greatest sorrow is because I am looked down upon by my relatives. I belong to what is known the world over as the celebrated money family. I am recognized in Canada as the least of that great family. In some trials I have been in higher esteem than other of my relatives, but not so in the Land of the Maple. When I am alone at times I think myself of some importance, but when I'm joined by other relatives, and recognize their value to the world, I feel badly, and my self-complacent thoughts vanish. However, I know I am of some use. I was created for a purpose. This fact is fully recognized by me at times, but I suppose, like others, I have my dark days and dark thoughts. Yet there are some bright reliefs to my life. One thing, I am privileged to travel, and this, as a rule, I enjoy. I much enjoy. Sometimes I travel with the ladies, softly nestled in a warm, cosy, soft-lined receptacle, and not exposed to the world.

The Cold of a Canadian Winter.

Sometimes I am rudely thrust, in my travels, in a gentleman's pocket, for I am very small and easily carried. Yes, I like the change of going about. True, I haven't the power to make myself attractive; my personal appearance never attracts now. When I first started out in life I presented a good appearance, and was the admiration of all who looked "pon" me, but my beauty has faded. It is now only my worth that causes people to appreciate me at all.

Soon after I came into being I began to travel; or, as my friends like to put it, I began to be circulated. I was born in what people call a mint, and began this roving life at such an early date that any little confinement now seems to be very much against my nature. Our natures, as they mature, seem to imbibe the spirit of our surroundings. I, therefore, have imbibed a rushing nature, and that is why any check on it is so extremely chafing.

You will think by my story I am a grumbler, but I cannot see it that way. I suppose it is hard to see one's own faults. It might be best, before going any further, to state just who I am. My name is Mr. One-Cent-Piece. My surname of Cent-Piece is universally known, or about so. I am

Larger Than Some of My Family, but Not so Valuable.

Two sisters I have, Miss Five Cent-Pieces and Miss Ten Cent-Pieces, but they often twit me with the cutting remark that I am not nearly as appreciated and sought after by the world as they are. It is a great lament to me that I am not, but then I cannot change myself. Though I am not much for quoting Scripture, there is a verse that reads thus: "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" It is spoken, I know, to my master, in the human family, but I prove it quite true in the One-Cent family. I cannot change my stature in the least. Then there is a verse in the Bible which speaks of not being able to make one hair white or black. It refers, of course, to the human family, but I often think that the power to make myself, if not white, of a greyish tint, and give myself a different name. I have a brother, a Mr. Twenty-Five Cent-Piece. He has often said to me as we have jingled together in some gentleman's pocket, "If you were only of a grey shade, like me, you would be as much valued as myself." He forgets it is not the color altogether, but also having the name stamped on me. Strange as it seems, our names are always stamped on. And names as large as my brother Twenty-Five, which makes me feel very under-value, all the more acute. Ah, me! I haven't often felt taken down, in the darkness of a gentleman's pocket I have been taken for my brother, but when having been brought out, and the light having revealed the mistake, I have been rudely thrust back, and in going back heard some unmentionable words too. I might fill up a whole Cry with incidents of lament, but I fear the Editor's scissors, and must be brief.

I want, however, to tell War Cry readers of a little experience through which I passed the other day. I came into a man's possession—a man who holds the title of Financial Special. I felt pleased when he got me, for I knew I would not be traded off for something worthless. My master had made a rule, he told me, not to exchange money for evil purposes, but to value the rest of our family in the right way. At least, I felt I would be respected at least. I must confess I had great wondering as to what he would do with me. He did not keep me long in his possession, however. Strange as it may appear though dead down in my master's pocket I rested, I could hear distinctly all he said. I heard him say, "Well, now, I must not forget to put up that G. B. M. charity box in that new music store on Queen Street East." Soon I found myself on the move, and upon inquiry learned that my master had started out for the hotel. I could feel myself going through the air at a rapid rate, as my master walks sharp as a usual thing, and soon we reached the spot. My master chose the place of location for the box, got out some screws and put it up. I could tell all that was going on. I heard music on the piano as a young lady purchaser tried over a song sheet "My, my!" said I to myself, "If I am ever going to settle down anywhere I would like to abide here." I had scarcely uttered the words in an un-drawn-out whisper, when I heard my master say himself, "With just put Mr. One Cent-Piece in this box, for me to start off, and let him stay there for a while." Then in the next breath I heard him say, to my pleasure, "Well, I guess I will put a brother of his in for company." This remark, put into action seemed like a panacea, for what, to my mind, would have been an act of cruelty, had he put me in alone. Yes, we both went in, without respect to our feelings, right in full view of the customers. "How long have we got to stay here?" said I to my brother.

but I received no reply. He was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to answer. At last, however, he spoke up. "Say, brother, this is a conspicuous place we have got into, I must say. We were destined enough before, when out of sight, but we'll be looked down upon with disgust by the world, than ever now. I fear. Some will speak in sympathetic tones of the two poor, lone-some Cent brothers jailed in there, but some will sneer and say we are not of much value and hardly worth the dropping in." "Yes, yes," said I, brightening up, "there are different ways of looking at these things. Perhaps some charitably-disposed person, passing by, will put some more of our family in to keep us company. Let us be patient and await events. We have one thing to be thankful for, our prison house has glass sides, and we can see that is going on." Persecution, I may, be a good example, if not of extreme generosity, yet of one man's desire to induce others to give to a good work. We will try and be content, therefore, with our lot. You know two cents, as I have heard, it said, will make a cent-sation. Yes, we will patiently await the results of our mission in this glass-bordered home. I have lamented my fate enough in this life, but it does no good. If we can be a good example while here, by inducing people to put in others of our family, we have done a good work. We will hope on and smile at the public, as much as to say, "Give us lots of company." Perhaps my master may, in some future Cry, tell the public what success our mission had at the quarter's end.

We are the smallest value of the

Cent-Piece family, and, therefore, in

the children's possession often. If

we can but touch their hearts with

sympathy for the poor and feeble, we

have accomplished much. I have

done lamenting now my fate, and

feel I am of some good use at last.

May the Social Work prosper is the

best wish of a One Cent-Piece.

Why You Should Be a Candidate FOR OFFICERSHIP IN THE SALVATION ARMY.

By MAJOR J. N. PARKER.

If you are healthy and saved, of ordinary abilities and an average age, the following reasons apply to you:

1. God has created you and given you talents for a purpose. If you do not accomplish that purpose, your work will be undone. Some can else cannot do his work and yours as well, for they only have talents sufficient for their own. Here is your opportunity. As Jesus' cross was the way to the world's salvation, so your cross is the way to the world you influence, and for which God is calling you to die. Comrades, officers and angels expect you to act. You are responsible. What will you answer to your conscience and the Christ of Calvary?

2. The Salvation Army is the best place for you to save yourself, your friends and others. No better opportunities are offered elsewhere, to either men or women. There is no greater field. Its mission is to the unchurched, a very large majority of the population in all civilized countries, and to the heathen. In these is the Nineveh to which God has called them to preach, and you to help. Compared with this important work, every other is insignificant. If you are not seeking reputation, position or glory, but the salvation of souls, here is the place for you.

An open door is now presented to you. If you do not, often God will close it behind you, but before you go, He will send an angel to observe; and if He must leave, it will be reluctantly, and then the door will be closed; and you will be shut out forever from one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to man. When shut, no amount of effort or representation can reopen this door. "The gifts and calling of God are without respectance." Rom. xi. 29.

3. You are saved, with health and age in your favor, while others, who would gladly go, are blundered by something that makes it impossible. What a host of the sick, suffering and aged, of the lost in hell, of the anguish and blood-washed in Heaven, would gladly take your chance. There is a

Heaven to win, a hell to shun; resurrection, a glorious work, a great white throne, a judgment, and an eternity coming. There is but one choice for all, including yourself, to prepare for these. If you had done your duty, gone when called, many of those who within the next year will drop into hell might have been angels in heaven. Must Jesus continue to call you in vain?

5. If you will not go, your disobedience will affect your home corps, as Achas did Israel. You will be a backslider, a block under the wheel, a Jonah in the ship; and unless they put you out, or you leave or get right, the corps cannot prosper. Troubles, however, you will have to be dropped; and you may be lost. While in the west, a comely, young, unattached, married a man too old for the work, and later, was reported to be an accomplice in a penitentiary crime. When you disobey God you never know where it will end.

The Best System.

6. There is no better system for finance, saving or keeping equals in this organization. It is the Army system, and acknowledged to be the strongest in the world. The best way to keep people saved is to use them: their system reaches to the use of all—old and young, men, women and children to their utmost ability. There is place, a chance for development and work in the Army for all.

7. The Salvation Army is the semi-armed army. It has the old time, the marching, singing. It wants you to be good, and help others to do the same. Its principles are: (1) Giving to the people with the message of salvation. (2) Attracting the people. (3) Saving the people. (4) Our embodiment of the people. The embodiment of common sense in religion. Their object is to save souls. Will you go and do the work God wants you to do, or will you backslide, displease God's kingdom, and damn those you should have been instrumental in saving?

8. It is international, and seeks to reach all nations, tongues and peoples.

It is unsectarian, and recognizes no creed, but loves all—Protestants, Jews, Catholics and all others. It is no respecter of persons, but strives alike to help rich and poor, high and lowly, educated and ignorant, white and colored, Christian and heathen, moralist and criminal, libertine and harlot, all mankind. Its motto is, "The world for God."

9. It is said that, allowing for births and deaths, 7,000 souls were saved every year. It would take 900 years to save the world. But if one person will get one more, those two more, those four four more, and so on, each year, it would take only 32 years. How soon the world might be saved if the good would work upon this plan, many are doing nothing, and have not for years. Come and be one to start this plan. Thousands want salvation, but do not "know the way."

Expect Persecution.

10. It is persecuted. Do not go unless willing to suffer. Jesus was made perfect through suffering, the apostles, save one, were martyred; and in the Dark Ages fifty millions died for the cause. "If you follow Jesus you will have things to suffer you never expected; possibly imprisonment, and even death. Your call may mean to Gethsemane and Calvary. Will you deny your Savior what He gave for you?

11. The lost in hell say, "Go to my brethren," the saved in heaven want their loved ones saved; your conscience, the Bible, the need, the grace, call; your talents, the blood, Calvary, and the Holy Ghost entreat you. From the bovel, saloon, and den of vice, and everywhere, all round the world, come millions of drunkards and harlots, of the poor and criminal, of the rile and low, both civilized and heathen, by their poverty, sin, and shame, by their opposition, persecution, and hatred are calling, "Come and help us." This is the kind Jesus and the apostles sought to help. They are the most needy and ready to accept salvation when it is offered. Obey God, and, though one soul is worth a life-time of work, you may be instrumental in bringing thousands to God, and at the judgment see them become angels for ever.

12. God, the angels, and the Salvation Army, are waiting you to your biggest, your first, place with God. Separate from the world, and where you can be out and out for God and souls. Here workers are considered eranks; and as you cannot be considered more, you can work without fear of being held back, because you are good, and use all the up-to-date common sense methods for getting others saved, and will he urged on to greater goodness and usefulness.

Wanted—Self-Deniers.

13. Wanted, men and women to work, suffer, sacrifice, pray, and have faith in God; to give up father, mother, home, friends, and loved ones; to give up the world, position, honors, and pleasures, and to go to the ends of the earth; to go to prison, visit the sick and dying, the slums, saloons, and dens of vice; to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and hunt the world for sinners. Wanted, saviors! You can give yourself. Jesus did. "Sell all for more value than all else. God has more value than all else. You have as much right as others to do, enjoy and suffer. You are saved to save. As you have been helped, you owe it to God and the organization to help others. Be a savior. "They that win may to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.)

14. In a vision Jesus said to a Local Officer on the Pacific Coast: "When thou readest in the Army literature of the sins and suffering of the poor that is My call to thee." "When thou believest the largest and starriest, that is also My call." When special officers visit thy corps, and call for a work, the Army is doing for the destitute, and how much more could be done were there a sufficiency of officers, that is a call."

"When the Salvation Army makes special appeals for Candidates for officership, that is My call to thee." If you ought to go, these are also calls to you. Do thy duty if the heavens fall. That God calls, is a promise to carry you through, make you a conqueror.

"What shall the answer be?"

The General in Yorkshire.

His Bradford Soldiers Overwhelm Him with the Warmth of Their Loyalty and Sympathy.

The General's Estimate of Bradford.

Do you ask my opinion on the Bradford campaign? Well, I will gladly give it you.

Saturday night's soldiers' meeting was certainly the largest in numbers and the best in character, a long way. I ever remember holding in Yorkshire. It was a marvellous gathering; and the enthusiasm it manifested and the affectionate greeting it gave me went straight to my soul. It was a comforting experience for my own wounded heart, and helped me through the toils that followed.

I have had many precious Sundays in Bradford; but, taken altogether, this has passed all that has gone before for power and blessing, notwithstanding the weakness of my body, which at times made me fear I should actually break down and have to give up.

It is now 8.45. Colonel Lawley, amidst shouts, thanksgiving and tears of joy, has just announced the eighty-first at the Mercy Seat for the evening. The theatre is now crowded to the "sky." All over the top gallery, dress circle, and pit, men and women are to be found wounded and weeping. Oh, what a mighty struggle is going forward!

And, oh, how shall I sufficiently praise God for this day of salvation.

—William Booth.

Bradford's Estimate of the General.

It is common knowledge how deeply, alas! our beloved General has been called upon to drink of the cup of sorrow. Thank God, the week-end, begun and fought out in physical weakness of a very manifest character, has furnished him with a cup filled to the brim with ingredients altogether opposite, as will be gathered from the foregoing which was written by the General during one of the most brilliant soul-saving periods we have yet witnessed.

Sympathy, affection, and soul-saving were present at Bradford in an electrifying degree; and, pale and worn, as he appeared on entering the Citadel on Saturday night, the effect of the roaring Niagara-like greeting from the eighteen hundred assembled soldiers, crowded row upon row right up to the gallery wall, was immediately apparent. The General's warrior-soul caught fire afresh, and, as soon as the preliminaries permitted, he gave vent to his pent-up emotions in the introduction, during the eloquent delivery of which feelings answered to feeling and heart to heart.

Then, energised and cheered to a marvellous degree, the military leader turned his back to the silent, hundreded souls before him, the majority of them soldiers, but some, alas! nothing more than backsliders and runaways. Gazing upon the imposing crowd, the General had turned to Colonel Lawley with the enquiry, "What can we do to get the Holy Ghost down upon these people?"

Well, the General appealed to every faculty, every power, every consideration. And then, when the catalogue of failures and shortcomings had assumed the proportions of a black list, he quoted a delightful little story told him by the Consul before he left London. The Consul's children had owned a pet dog, and the poor animal had been sorely wounded. They took it to some friends or other, but he could do nothing, and so the poor creature was put into the cellar to die in peace. After a while a tiny voice was heard screaming, and when they went to look, they found a wee mite of four years, with her hands clasped and eyes closed, kneeling beside the dog and singing, "His blood can make the vilest clean." "What a dog got a doctor," added the General amid the volleys which followed; "and you know the truth of those words, too—get you are willing to keep the fifth on your souls. Why don't you come to the Holy Ghost, and let Him purify your heart?"

It is not surprising that there was an immediate response. Staff-Captain Hooper girding up a man who was loudly bewailing his sins, and who is

A Drink Victim

of the most difficult type. Another—a fair, motherly, Yorkshire woman, also sought deliverance from the same enemy, by whom she has constantly been tripped up. Major Greenwood got hold of a very promising case, a young woman backslider, about whom worldliness had forged iron chains, but who, with a supreme effort, cast

nineteen hundred—a grand piece of human composition for

The General's Artillery.

All day long the first four rows of seats in the pit were reserved for such as Tom's drunks, and you may take it from us that they made a brave show on behalf of the devil's handiwork, though not in his favor. We did not know how well all the General was feeling, though we saw enough to arouse the keenest anxiety. And yet he persisted in giving out the song, declaring a few minutes afterwards his full assurance that he was going to see God save some Yorkshire "Bites."

The General performed prodigies this day! Surely God sent His strong angel to stand at His side, as well as fill his mouth with His own irresistible truth. Sinners, backsliders and inconsistent saints were alike brought low. It is worth noting that throughout the campaign men led the way to

thing, and will land you with the devil, if you don't get rid of it."

How immovably he held them to the truth. No squeezing out at the corners, or dodging round the doubtables. His voice grew strong with the power of his message, and the Holy Ghost accompanied it with compelling force. Five or six volunteers were at the front, straightforward, and the first choice, save a few intervals interrupted by the outcoming of penitents. One of the volunteers was a very respectable young man, who was so smashed up that he covered his face with his handkerchief. In all, nineteen more seekers were recorded. And yet, so far, we have had but the promise of the coming deluge!

Another 2,500 souls to be dealt with at night. Oh, that we had had space for a thousand more! These Yorkshire audiences are a treat to watch. Waiting intervals are filled with singing and voices, and with the battle begins the broad, open faces turned straight at you. When, afterwards, we climbed to the top gallery, which viewed from the platform looked so astonishing a sight, we found its steep steps packed tight from end to end, and exhibiting just the same enduring patience—for the atmosphere was stifling—and riveted attention which prevailed in the cooler regions below. The intensity of hearing, and the earnestness and demeanor put us in mind of nothing so much as a life or death trial in the courts of law.

Very literally, it was such a trial—only the arraigned were the souls of men and women who listened. The General dragged himself up to the conclusion of his almost overwhelming task, in the face of which his voice once more grew strong, and his determination to compel a verdict for Jehovah supreme. He called upon the beautiful spring to testify to the immortality of the human soul, and upon the unspeakable terms of God's blessed Book to prove the everlasting penalty of sin. He appealed with piercing vehemence against the fooling away of any further precious time, and in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost summoned the sinners and wanderers to come and save their souls.

"The Saviour, upon bended knee," he said, "has been belling you day after day to accept His mercy. I will ask those of you who have got come—those who feel the urgencies of the Holy Ghost—to know that they are not washed in the blood of the Lamb, that they are not ready to die and face the Judgment Bar—I will invite you to come and settle this matter whether your heart is hard or soft. I talk to people's hearts out of my own heart, and as bos as I can get it out!"

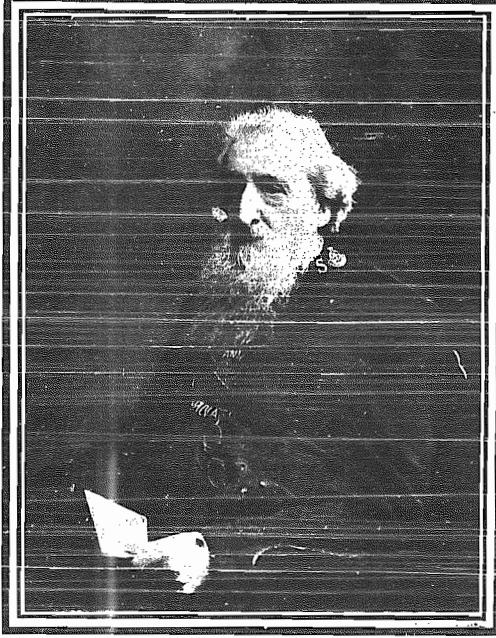
The Heavens Opened!

There was a procession to Jesus. There was something like an adequate response to the Divine influence, which shook the theatre. Four men headed the march to the Cross; the broken-down penitents threaded their ways from every part of the building on, on through the tortuous windings of the passages and streamed up on to the stage—men and women, old and young, rich and ragged, boys and girls, mistresses and servants. The ingathering moved quickly and kept going! The General clung to the stage, feeding upon the glorious sight of those long rows of Saviour-meeting sinners. The fishers sought, found and sought again. Colonel Lawley was magnificent in effort, second only to his marvelous General. Commissioners, Dr. and Lieut.-Col. Lindsay were ready and equal to anything. It was sublime!

The total results for the week-end campaign were 184 surrenders, made up as follows: Saturday night, 25; Sunday morning, 11; afternoon, 19; night, 129.

The goodness in us impresses those around us for their good, since good is always stronger than evil.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

One truth is the seed of other truths. It is sown in us to bear fruit, not to be torpid. The power of mind by which truth becomes prolific is freedom. Our great duty is to encourage vigorous action of mind. The greater the number of free and vigorous minds brought to bear upon the subject, the more truth is promoted.



GOD BLESS OUR GENERAL!

From early youth his life has been consecrated to the winning of men and women from self-indulgence to their duty toward God and man, yet at the beginning of his 74th year, when many others, after such a life of trial and responsibility, would have long ago retired from public life, we find him still at the front, and surprising everybody with the energy and enthusiasm of his public addresses, and the keen interest he takes in anything pertaining to his life's work. Long live the General!

everything on one side and declared for the cross. A backslidden Color-Sergeant, stalwart and good-natured, and a wandering hand-sman were among the twenty-five penitents seated at this memorable meeting.

Well might an officer venture the statement that "nothing one-half as interesting as this has ever been seen on this earth."

We occupied the Empire Theatre on Sunday for the first time, and Bradford, out of its great industrial population of close upon 300,000, liberal, supplied the General with audiences on so generous a scale indeed, that we signed to think the building was not twice the size. Clever Major Cox secured a "turn" on the "boards" on Saturday night, sandwiching in an announcement of the General's visit to the performances.

"stars"; while the indefatigable Gregory placed, during the day, a hundred invitation cards in the hands of drunkards whom he came across. Both had their reward.

In from the beautiful sunshine outside marched a morning audience of

Calvary in every meeting; and, in this instance, a tall, shabby, white-haired old man tottered out. Soon after a youth, whose closely cropped hair told the tale, followed to the mercy-seat; he admitted that he was just out of prison, where he had undergone a sentence of months for偷窃, but was now going to see God and become a soldier. Nine others bowed in submission to the claims of G-d.

It was both gratifying and the reverse to be told before the afternoon meeting started that the road was "black with people." You see, a perfect state of repletion prevailed inside, and the case for even a foot of vacancy was a hopeless one indeed. The General! He just trod upon his toes at breakfast-time without a moment's loss or delay, his heart mighty at all and every kind of sin. "Oh, my God, that men and women should ever work themselves up to the conclusion that they can make a profit out of Jehovah—that God Almighty's going to sit by and see them beat Him! No, no! All that is wrong is sin. If it is not right, it is an evil

Lessons of the Lighthouse.

(To our frontispiece.)

By P. N. ESNOUF. Gaspe Basin, Que.

Having had charge of a lighthouse in the Lower St. Lawrence for a number of years, during which time I acquired a knowledge of the duties of a light-keeper and also had occasion to observe a few things connected with the station, I think the lighthouse affords a splendid object lesson, illustrating many valuable truths associated with the Christian life, and teaching us how we may shine as spiritual lights in this world.

There are different kinds of lighthouses in operation to-day, such as the flash light, the revolving light, the fixed light, etc., these are all different ways of exhibiting their light, but they have been erected for the one purpose—to give light and save life.

The fixed light, however, which is always visible, seems to afford the best lesson, so let us see what we can learn from it.

In the first place, we notice that the lighthouse is erected for a purpose. It is not erected simply to be an ornament to our sea coasts and to our country, as many magnificent buildings are erected to-day, but it is built for a purpose.

We learn from this that God has created us and placed us in this world for a grand purpose—to shine as spiritual lights, and that be the means in His hands of guiding precious souls drifting on the stormy seas of error and death "into the peaceful haven of Salvation." This is what God has created us for, not to be useless ornaments, as many people are to-day, but to be useful instruments in His hands.

Are we to-day serving the purpose for which we were created?

We notice again that the lighthouse is not useless without the lighting apparatus. It may be perfectly constructed and nicely painted. In the daytime it may present all the appearance of a fully-equipped lighthouse, but when night sets in no light is seen shining from its tower, hence it is perfectly useless to those who are on the sea, in danger or being driven upon the rocks.

This would teach us that without the light of God's Spirit within our hearts we are perfectly useless in leading souls to Christ. Like the lighthouse without lighting apparatus we may have all the appearance of genuineness, but possessing no power to shine as spiritual lights.

It is only when the heart is filled with the fire of God's Spirit and love that it is able to send out brilliant beams to cheer those around us and guide them towards the haven of rest.

Is the fire of God's Spirit and love burning in your heart to-day?

Turning again to the lighthouse, we notice that the lighting apparatus within its tower must be kept in perfect order, so that the light may be seen to advantage. The lamps must be cleaned every day, the oil reservoirs have to be replenished, the reflectors need careful polishing; in fact, everything belonging to the lighting apparatus must receive daily attention.

These daily duties, apparently of small consequence, play a very important part in making the lighthouse a boon to the world. The careless neglect of these small things on the part of the light-keeper would be sufficient to cause a shipping disaster, and be the means of sending hundreds of souls down to a watery grave.

The lesson we may draw from this is that we need to give daily attention to our spiritual duties if we would let our light shine before men.

Our heart is the lighting apparatus in the first place, it must be kept clean. David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" Every part of it must receive cleansing. The least sin allowed to remain in it will diminish our spiritual light.

Then there is

The Daily Replenishing of the Oil of God's Grace.

As the lamps in the lighthouse tower will not burn unless they are replenished from time to time, so the Christian will not be a burning and shining light except his heart is replenished

from day to day with the oil of Divine grace.

Another duty which the light-keeper is required to do is to keep the plate glasses around the lighthouse tower perfectly clean both inside and out. A child may be taught to set the upon them will, in a measure, obscure the light within. Therefore they require frequent washing and rubbing in order that the light may not be hindered from sending its brilliant rays across the sea.

How often we allow the dust of this world to obscure the light which ought to shine out from our lives! The dust of pride, of worldly ambition, or love of money, of worldly pleasure, and a host of other things, are the character, when allowed to adhere to our lives, as the dust adheres to the plate glasses, will greatly diminish our usefulness as Christians.

We may draw another lesson from the plate glasses, which, during the cold season, sometimes get so covered with frost as to partially obscure the light within the tower.

The spiritual frigidity of some Christians to-day accomplishes the same thing. Show me a frost-covered Christian, if it may be allowed to use the expression, and I will show you a cold Christian whose spiritual light can but dimly be seen. What does the light-keeper do when the plate glasses become covered with

which only shows itself once in a while. The light which the true Christian exhibits is like the fixed light of a lighthouse which is always visible.

How many souls have been driven on the rocks of destruction simply because the light of the professing Christian was not always visible!

Again, it is worthy of notice that the light in the lighthouse tower is seen more plainly and at a greater distance during the dark night.

We learn from this fact that we ought to shine as Christians with more brilliancy and effect during the darkest seasons of life and in the darkest places.

Some People Can Shine Only in Certain Places

and under certain circumstances, but the Christian whose heart is on fire with God's Spirit will let his light be seen all the brighter in the darkest haunts of sin, and during the darkest seasons, when Satan puts forth special efforts to frustrate the work of Christ.

Again we turn to the lighthouse for a lesson, and we learn that it is not affected by storms.

During the most violent storms and tempests, when stones and other missiles are being hurled against the tower by the force of a mighty wind, when the sea is lashed into foam, and when the waves dash high upon the beach with a noise like thunder, when gigantic waves sometimes hurl themselves with terrific force against the building, threatening to crush it to pieces, in the midst of such fierce storms the light in the tower continues to burn with the same brightness.

LIGHTS THAT NEVER GROW DIM.

There are lights on the shore that never grow dim, They shine in the darkness and temper most grim, And cheer the poor sailor, oft stricken with fear, And warn him of danger, where rocks may be near, Thus gazing him safely till danger is past, He steers his good ship into harbor at last.

We only can shine in the Saviour's own light, We only can work with His Spirit and might, We only can fight with the Spirit's sharp sword, We only can conquer by faith in His Word, Oh, may we then live all unsprayed from sin, And be lights in the world that shall never grow dim.

P. N. E.

frost, thereby preventing the light from being plainly seen on the sea, where a ship may be struggling with the waves! Why, he goes to work to remove the frost until the glass is free from it.

We have grown cold in the Lord's service?

Do We Shine as Brightly To-Day as we did some years ago? Are we as useful in leading souls to Christ to-day as we once were?

Why we mourn our spiritual coldness, let us get filled with the fire of God's Spirit that will melt all the frost in our lives and enable us to shine most brightly.

Spiritual coldness to-day among professing Christians is preventing thousands of souls from getting to heaven.

We also notice the fact that the lamp within the lighthouse tower must be kept burning during the night hours without a minute's cessation. It matters not how long or how short the night is, the lamps must be kept brightly burning every moment of the same. It is only when the morning dawns that the keeper must extinguish them.

The lesson we may draw from this is that the lamp of the Christian must also be kept burning without cessation. While we are in this world, even when we are in the dark, and are going down to eternal destruction, our light must not cease to burn.

We know not how long or how short our life may be, but as long as God leaves us upon this earth, we are to let our light shine not only at intervals, as many people do, not only during a great revival, but every day, every hour and every moment.

Some people's light is like a comet

which only shows itself once in a while.

While thousands are dying in darkness and sin:

While many are anxiously seeking for light, Away from the path of salvation and light, Oh, may we then shine in this world before men, And rescue the erring again and again.

ness as when the elements are at peace. The Christian light may be affected or dimmed by the many storms of life, but should continue to exhibit his light in the midst of their power and fury. There are fierce storms of persecution which will be encountered through the Christian life—storms of severe affliction—storms of adversity—storms of bereavement and storms of many kinds, but amidst them all our light must be kept brightly burning, for as it is during the fiercest storms that the light is to burn to the uttermost of man's service to the anxious soul, so does it stand to us upon the angry waves, threatening to dash his bark upon the rocks, so it is during the fiercest storms of life that the Christian should be most careful to let his light shine, that some weary, anxious soul may be guided into the harbor of safety. Yes, we must let our light shine in the storm as well as in the calm, for we do not know what soul may be steering his bark by our light.

I pray that these lessons drawn from the lighthouse, though so imperfectly put into words, may prove a blessing to those who desire to shine as spiritual lights in this dark world of sin.

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

Men willingly believe what they wish—Julius Caesar.

Diogenes once saw a youth blushing and addressed him, "Courage, my boy, that is the complexion of virtue."



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Maximilian A. D. 1493-1519.

Kaiser Max, as every one called him, though he never was crowned as Emperor, began by gallantly driving back the Turks, who had advanced as far as Laybach, so that he was hailed at Innspruck, his favorite city, as a deliverer.

He then married Bianca Maria, the sister of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, because he wanted to have a footing in Italy; but he never loved her like the wife of his youth, and she seems to have been a dull, heavy woman, who grew inordinately fat from eating snails. The affairs of Italy were the great concern, for Bianca's uncle, Ludovico Sforza, after having brought about an invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France, was ready to do anything to get rid of him. Maximilian joined the league against him, and for many years fought a continual struggle in Italy between Germans, French and Spaniards, the Italians themselves sometimes taking part with one, sometimes with the other, and only wishing to get rid of them all alike as foreigners. The Pope, Alexander VI., was one of the worst of men, and had brought the Church into such a state that all good men felt that there was no cure but calling a General Council. Philip, the son of Maximilian and Marie of Burgundy, had been married to Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand, King of Aragon and Isabella of Castile. He died in 1506, leaving two sons, Charles and Ferdinand, and five daughters. His wife became insane with grief, and the children were brought up by Margarethe, his sister, who ruled their inheritance of the Low Countries with great wisdom and skill. She and her father wrote very amusing letters to one another, which are still preserved.

She was sent to manage a treaty which Maximilian made with Louis XII. of France against the Republic and met the French minister, the Cardinal of Amboise, at Caen, where she wrote to her father that she had been sent to Paris ready to pull each other's hair, but at last they agreed to attack the Venetians, who had beaten the Germans and laughed at the Kaiser, calling him Maximilian the moneyless. Both he and Louis XII. crossed the Alps, but the German nobles had little mind for the war, and the only troops he could trust were the Landsknechte, foot soldiers of low birth, who carried heavy pikes, formed troops under captains of their own, and hired themselves out to fight. At the siege of Paris Maximilian asked the French knights to stand by him, placing together with his Landsknechte, but they made answer that they would not do so unless the German knights likewise joined in the assault. Maximilian thought this fair, but the German nobility made answer that they would only fight on horseback, and that it was beneath them to dismount and scramble through ditches and walls. The Kaiser was so much ashamed of them that he set out at night with only five men, rode forty miles without stopping, sent orders to break up the camp and retired to Aosta.

He was then making great schemes and breaking down in them for want of money or the support of his princes, and thus, though he was the cleverest sovereign on the throne, and with the highest ideas and noblest notions, he was little trusted or respected, and he did very strange things. Julius II. drew him and Henry VIII. into what he called the Holy League, for driving the French out of Italy, and when Henry attacked them at home, and laid siege to Tournon, Maximilian went and served in his army as a private knight for one hundred crowns a day.

(To be continued.)

Time is too valuable to be spilled like water on the ground.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

What the Postman Brought Me.

By LIEUT-COL. MRS. READ, Secretary Women's Social Work.

"A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain o' affection;
And a letter untimely delayed is as rust to the soldier."—Tupper.

The light of a fair Sabbath evening, while slowly winding the distant bells were pouring out silent invitations to the passing pedestrians to come to God's house, thousands of feet were treading towards places of worship, others were bent on business and pleasure. It was one of my rare evenings at home. My little darling was lying with wide open eyes, watching me and listening intently to the Bible stories read from a little Testament, her "very own," prized because her mother's gift and her own choice between a dolly and a Bible on her birthday.

I had read, among other stories, the record of Matthew's call from the gathering of taxes to follow Jesus. "What does that mean, mamma dear?" earnestly enquired the little voice from the pillows. I tried to explain, following up the explanation, by telling her how, as a young girl, the Lord called her mother to leave home, friends, all to follow Him and tell of His love and mercy to others. "But you don't always tell about Jesus in the office; sometimes you only write letters and things."

The words rang in my ears long after the bright blue eyes were closed and the tired little head had turned from me in sweet, restful repose. I mused at my writing table near by—"only letters and things!" How much they mean to the writers and readers. What a strange world this would be without the little written missives! Even since the early morning of life itself, when Epoch, who "walked with God," and therefore understood His purposes, invented letters, how great has been their power to bless or curse, to cheer or depress, to uplift or cast down.

Who shall write the story of letters? We all remember the debating classes of our youthful days, with their standard subjects, one of which was, "Which is the greater, the pen or the sword?" and fixed indelibly upon our minds is the verdict of one heated discussion—the pen is the tyrant of the laurels. How important a factor in the affairs of the universe are letters. They supplement the message of the electric forces in international transactions, they make clear the arrangements of commerce and trade and speed around and across the earth by rail and steamer and stage with news of missionary enterprise.

What messages of hope and courage letters oftentimes bring on their white wings, what inspiration to the faint-hearted, what comfort to the sorrowing, strength to the strung-out. How eagerly the aged mother watches for the letter from the soldier boy across the sea, and the wife for news of the loved husband. How full of anguish is the postman's knock to the sister who longs for the epistles which comes from the brother's heart to her own. How the weary toiler in God's vineyard rejoices in the news of afar of victory and success in the life of the comrade worker.

Letters, then, still carry with them the magic to dry up tears or to cause them to flow. How often have we heard the remark: "It was that letter—my friend must have had an inspiration, for his letter came just at the moment when I felt no one cared. His loving, helpful words lifted the burden, chased away the gloom, cleared the dark sky and made me feel that life after all held something to live for, that at least some one was interested, some one was thinking of me—and I faced the difficulty and have bravely been fighting life's battles ever since."

As my mind reverted in the letters which come into my own hands, I thought of the diversity of life and experience they represented.

Letters—letters from city officials, letters from government officials, letters about grants and petitions, leases, property, finance, letters from ministers, Christian workers of other denominations, letters from mothers seeking wandering girls, wayward girls, letters from girls in heartbreaking trouble, ear boys in distress, letters from rescue officers respecting a

hundred and one different matters relative to the work of their homes, letters from League of Mercy workers telling of victory and difficulty, encouragement and discouragement. Oh, the scores of letters! As I turn to the letter basket and pick out indiscriminately a few typical ones, I was in part on the thoughts contained in them, the thoughts expressed in one may inspire, the aims enounced in another may warn and the thoughts of gratitude and faith of others may help some reader. No names are mentioned, as everything that comes to us is treated as sacredly confidential.

The first is from the far distant battle-field of South Africa, from a

young man saved through the League of Mercy in a Canadian prison. I give an extract, which will show how divine grace, even amidst the carnage and horrors of war, keeps the trusting mind in perfect peace:

"I am here in Africa where God has been very good to me. The temptations have been many, but God is able to keep that which I have committed to Him. Even on the battle-field God was very good to me—there, in the hot fire of the enemy, as my comrades were dropping, I felt as though I needed a comforter, and that was Jesus. God has kept me so far, and I am sure He will keep me. I have two letters from mother—she took it very hard at first, but she has put it in the Lord's hands, and her faith is strong enough to believe that He will bring me safely home again."

(To be continued.)

Stration, of Peterboro, our Prison Gate Work was brought before the Provincial Government a few weeks ago, and without any dissension \$500 (five hundred dollars) was unanimously granted to our Prison Gate Work in assisting discharged prisoners.

Our desire is that our lives will be a benediction to every one they touch, our shadows, as we pass along the streets, shall bless those on whom we pass, and our influence, God's saving health in the world, diffusing the influence of heaven amid human sorrow and sin.—Gertrude Canna.

A Pitiful Case.

A Touching Story of a Prisoner Who Died Recently.

Staff-Capt. Archibald tells the following pathetic tale:

G—, a man of sixty years, was sent to the Central Prison on a very serious offence a year ago. One Sunday afternoon about three months ago I diagnosed his case and found him to be a very hard man in spirit, also a very wicked one, although I believed him innocent of the crime he was supposed to have committed. Nothing could be done for him, however, but to seek to lead him back to the fold of God. So kneeling in his cell, with his hand in mine, that Sunday afternoon, he sought the Christ of compassion and forgiveness, and he arose a new creature in Christ Jesus. He then unfolded to me his heart. Twelve years ago he had a home, a beautiful little home. Divorce entered into his life and within ten days his wife and children were laid beneath the sods of their little lonely plot in the Cemetery. Nothing was left to him but one little baby girl, which a lady adopted. Poor G— was left, and in his loneliness, instead of leaning on the strong arm of God, his heart turned to the bitterness of gall. Not listening to the voice of religion he drifted onward and downward, step by step, till he was arrested and condemned on a serious charge. G— said, "Had I not been sent to the Central Prison my poor son might have lived long," therefore, that which was a means of bringing him back to God. Being of a refined and delicate constitution, the prison work was very hard on him, and the Sergeant, who liked his appearance, took him on as an

Assistant in the Photographic Gallery.

One morning, a few weeks ago, the Sergeant noticed his pale face, and said, "G—, you must not work any more until you report to the doctor." The doctor placed him in the Hospital of the prison, and after a consultation with the Warden, pronounced his case most serious. The Warden, who is always to the men very kind, arranged to have him removed to Grace Hospital, desiring to give him every chance for life that medical science could grant. Last week he was removed thence, but on medical examination was found to be too far gone to undergo an operation. I stayed by poor G— till his last moments, till the flickering flame of life was snuffed away. He died very happy, a smile of joy rolled down his cheeks as I talked to him and said of "Jesus, the mighty Saviour." With the death sweat upon his brow, and my hand in his, he raised his eyes heavenward and said, "Captain, my wife and children are coming to meet me. Oh, how merciful our God is. But his eyes were fixed beyond the prison bars, beyond that which was mortal." Sweetly and peacefully he ceased to breathe, and was carried by the angels into the realms of light and love, and admitted for eternity with them.

H— was very poor, so I claimed his body, and took his little girl, who is now thirteen years old, to the undertaker's, where we had a little service. I do not think that the child ever knew that her father was in prison, as she sobbed for him dreadfully, although she had not seen him for a number of years. We laid him at rest in the Humblebee Cemetery, and I came away from there feeling that a duty had been done for God and the Army.



HAGAR.

"And the Angel of the Lord said, Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence camest thou, and whither wilt thou go? And she said, I fly from the face of my mistress Sarai."—Gen. xvi., 8.

Men's Social Department.

PRISON GATE WORK NEWSLETS.

"Whoever lets loose a sunbeam in this world starts a benediction among men. Whoever sets a little lamp where its beam may shine on a few feet of someone's path has done that which is worth while."

The Staff-Captain reports that there are now 360 men in the Central Prison, which includes a number of 33 and 60-day men. This number is the smallest winter average that has been known for years. These indications point the crime is not on the increase, but, if anything, especially in the fair Province of Ontario, it is on the decrease.

One of the noticeable features of Prison Gate Work is the amount of labor we can find for ex-prisoners. Two years ago the Staff-Captain found it very difficult to get business men interested enough in men coming from prison to give them employment, there being only one or two firms which

responded to his appeal to give men a chance in this city; but now it is noticeable that a large number of our business men will not only take an interest in this movement, but are willing to practically assist the men coming from prison by giving them wages on par with other men. This is the right principle, for after all, if the men coming from prison find that it is to work for almost nothing when found unemployed, conditions tend to stimulate the man and drive him to do more violence.

The Staff-Captain says that one of the greatest blessings to the prisoners in the prisons is the War Cry. "After two years of experience in the galleries every week distributing, reading or praying with the men, I have only had two refuse the War Cry. Another fact, the War Cry is read, and many of the younger men like the Young Soldier brought to them in this matter the Temple corps has been very kind in donating their surplus War Crys, and also Lippincott corps.

By the aid of the Hon. Mr.



Our Soldiers' Page

Daily Readings.

SUNDAY.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—Matt. xvi. 26.

Many, to obtain a higher wage, have left holy companionships and sacred opportunities. They have lost their Sabbaths and fallen among worldlings, to their own sorrowful loss. Such persons are as foolish as the Indians who gave the Spaniards arms in exchange for pastry beads. Riches procured by impoverishing the soul are always a curse. To increase your business, so that you can attend week-night services is to become really poorer; to give earthly pleasure, and receive earthly cares in exchange, is a sorry sort of harter.

MONDAY.

"But grow in grace."—II. Peter iii. 18.

Some people, even Salvationists, don't appear to have developed spiritually since they were first saved. What a great pity this is—still children in the flesh.

Sold a converted freedman: "I have got safe past de go-back corner. I'm going all the journey home, and if you don't see me eat the first of those twelve gates up there, just look on to de next one, for I'm bound to be up there."

Comrade, whatever hinders, get round it, and press your way on to victory, and grow daily stronger in the fight.

TUESDAY.

"Lest thou Me? . . . Feed My sheep."—John xxi. 15, 16, 17.

It was a tender act on our Lord's part to allow Peter three times to speak his love, and then all the rest of his life to exercise that love by giving him work to do. Sister or brother, can a fair estimate be put upon your love for Christ by the amount you do for Him?

WEDNESDAY.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke ii. 1.

A Christian was asked, "Did you pray before conversion?" She answered that she did, after a short time, and that she was asked, "But what is the difference between your present prayers and them before you were saved?" Her answer was, "Then I said my prayers, but now I mean them. Then I said the prayers which other people taught me, but now I find them in my heart."

THURSDAY.

"To-day, if ye will hear My voice."

—Hob. iii. 7.

It is a fact that among Salvationists to a certain extent, as with others, we are prone to become so pre-occupied with the things of this world as not to be attentive to the voice of God. Much of the beauty of obedience lies in this being rendered at once, and without question. God's will is done in heaven immediately, because love is perfect there. That child is disobedient who is slow in obeying.

FRIDAY.

"Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer."—I. Cor. x. 10.

Thomas Brooks gives the following illustration: "I have read of Caesar that having prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends, it fell out that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be done to the honor of their meeting; whereupon he was so displeased and enraged, that he commanded all them that had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter,

their chief god, as in defiance at him for that rainy weather; which, when they did, their arrows fell short of him, and fell upon his own standards, so that many of them were very sorely wounded. So all our mutterings and murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God Himself, will return upon our own pates or hearts; they reach not Him, but they will hit us; they hurt not Him, but will wound us; therefore it is better to be quiet than to murmur."

SATURDAY.

"Who is this King of Glory? The

Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."—Ps. xxv. 8.

Mr. Oncken relates that he was summoned before the burgomaster of Hamburg, who bade him cease from holding religious meetings. "Do you see that little finger?" cried he. "As long as I can move that finger I will put down the Baptists." "Yes," said Oncken, "I see your little finger, and I also see a great arm you cannot see. As long as the great arm of God is lifted on our behalf, your little finger will have no terror for us."

Salvation Army brother or sister, never fear when the Lord's strength is with you!

→Evolution of the Salvation Army.←

UNITED STATES.—(Continued.)

If we turn our attention to the Social Work for a moment or two we will be astonished at the great advance made during the last few years. We must at least stop to explain some of the different departments.

There is first the Salvage Brigade, one of the most interesting and novel plans for finding work for the unemployed.

This consists in the collection of waste paper, lumber, furniture, rags, and clothing. The sale of these articles almost covers the cost of their unskilled labor, which takes men over until they are able to find some regular employment. In the city or Chicago the Salvation Army has a contract of keeping several of the wards clear of waste paper. In some cities baskets are deposited with householders, teams calling regularly to remove whatever articles may be placed in them.

Farm Colonies. Each colony consists of a tract of land divided up into small homestead farms, with a cottage, from five to ten acres of land, a few cows, and some pigs and poultry. The colonist is assisted to get on to his feet but has to repay all the money expended on him, the amount being either repaid to the lender or reinvested in establishing another family.

Salvation Junk Shops. Connected with some of the Salvage Brigades are Junk Shops, where the old clothing, shoes, and furniture collected are repaired and sold to the poor at a low price. By this means quantities of cheap clothing are supplied at a nominal figure, sufficient to cover working expenses, and at the same time avoiding the appearance of charity.

Metropoles for Clerks and Artisans. The young men of our cities are surrounded with pitfalls and temptations. The honest young clerk or storeman

struggling to keep up appearances on the small salary he receives, is liable to get among bad companions, unless surrounded with good, healthy, moral environment. Already several institutions of this character have been established, and there is a wide field for further advance.

Work Among the Children. The services of the Salvation Army have a special attraction for children. Whatever may be the opinion of the grown-ups as to the wisdom of the Army's methods, there can be no doubt of their popularity amongst the young.

Work Among Criminals. Meetings are regularly conducted by permission of the authorities in many jails and penitentiaries, resulting in the conversion of many of the convicts.

Work Among Young Women employed in stores and offices. The low wages paid to young women in large city stores made it nearly impossible for them to subsist. Homes, hotels, and boarding-houses for respectable young women are being established to supply this urgent need, at the earnest request of our friends and with their hearty backing. This, of course, does not apply to Rescue Work, which is carried on extensively in the United States.

Christmas Dinners for the poor. During last Christmas the S. A. spread tables throughout the United States for no less than 100,000 of the city poor.

Blizzards and Winter Relief. In addition to the regular and systematic relief of poverty by means of its various institutions, the Salvation Army is able to render special service at times of great emergency.

Shelters for Working Men and Working Women. The Shelters for the homeless poor have been greatly appreciated. Here, for ten cents a night, or for its equivalent in work,

the Army has been able nightly to harbor thousands of destitute persons, as well as to provide a clean and comfortable resting-place for the multitudes of working men whose employment is irregular and whose wages are low.

Thus we might continue, at very great length, to show the far-reaching operations of the S. A. in the United States. The development of the General's Darkest England Scheme there, as in nearly all civilized countries of the world, is simply beyond ability to describe. It is true the S. A. had Rescue Homes and Shelters in various parts of the United States before the launching of the Darkest England Scheme in 1890, and we may presume it was through the great success of these in being instrumental in lifting thousands of men and women to paths of virtue and respectability that warranted the General deciding upon a still greater attempt on Social lines. We will be able to refer to the progress of the Scheme later when we touch upon the Army's work in other lands. We think, however, we have given a fair account of the evolution of the Salvation Army in America.

If our readers will only glance back to that Sunday morning, in 1872, when that family from Coventry held their first meeting in a chair factory, the lower part of which was half forge and half stable, the windows and roof broken, and the walls and earthen floor blackened with smoke and coal dust, and place in their minds the most striking events we have related from that time until the present, they will admit that thirty years of whole-hearted, consecrated efforts have brought about results almost unequalled in the Christian era.

(To be Continued.)

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.

From this month on the cloth moth begins to make its appearance, depositing its eggs in furs and all kinds of woolen materials, and often in crevices in doors, boxes and closets. It always seeks quiet, dark places. Closets, drawers and boxes should be cleaned now. Take special pains to clean thoroughly each crack and groove. Buy at the druggist a few ounces of oil of red cedar. With a small brush such as artists use, apply the oil of cedar to all cracks and crevices in boxes and drawers, and to the tops of doors and baseboards held in closets, also around the edges of the floors. Use very little of the oil.

There must not be enough to soil anything that comes in contact with the treated surface. This treatment will make closets, boxes, etc. moth-proof for some time, and if closed at once the contents will be perfectly safe through the summer and fall.



Workroom of New York Rescue Home.



Children's Home, San Francisco, Cal.

Our Locals.

Sergt.-Major Webber, Ottawa.

The subject of this sketch, Sergt.-Major John Webber, of the 109th corps of the Salvation Army in Canada, will be one of special interest, I am sure, to a large number of people, who have heard of and known him in Ottawa, Pembroke, and other places, and also those who have never seen him, but have heard of him as a faithful warrior.

John Webber was born in the little village of Bramford Speke, a few miles from the town of Exeter, County Devonshire, Eng., some 45 years ago. When about six years of age his parents moved to the village of Kingskerswell, where he attended school for some time, afterwards being employed as a butcher's boy, which had anything but a good effect on the morality of the boy. In 1875 John, with his parents, sailed for Canada, and drew up at the Imperial City of Ottawa. For some time after coming to the country he was engaged working on the farm, and it was while at this occupation that he was convicted of his sins, and eventually became converted. The story of his conversion is quite interesting. Sergt.-Major Webber relates it in about this manner:

For a New Pair of Pants.

"I was working at Billings' Bridge, some eighteen years ago, with a farmer named Sam Evans. Mrs. Evans having attended some meetings, which were being held by the Saved Army, in the city, and feeling she ought to try and do something for the Lord, desired to see me lead a better life, and encouraged me to come and hear the Saved Army people. Not being very much inclined to religion (not having been inside of a church for years), I found me rather hard to persuade. Mrs. Evans promised, however, she would have her husband buy me a new pair of pants if I would go to hear the members of the Saved Army speak and sing. More to gain the pants than any desire for good, I went to town, and that Sunday afternoon I went to the pentitent form, but somehow or other did not get complete victory, and for days and nights afterwards was convulsed with an agony of soul, until one day, while ploughing in the field, I cried to God to give me complete victory, and it was there He caused me to step out on His promise, and so I have remained faithful ever since. At this time I had not met with the Salvation Army."

His Wife Thought He Was Crazy.

In connection with his conversion, Mr. Webber said he thought had he not found peace he would surely have gone crazy, whereupon Mrs. Webber remarked she thought he was already out of his mind.

Shortly after this he came in contact with the Salvation Army, and, removing to the town of Pembroke, took an active interest in the work there. Sergt.-Major Webber was among the first recruits to be enrolled in Pembroke under the "Blood-and-Fire Banner." Capt. R. McHardy being in charge of the station at the time. About nine years ago Sergt.-Major Webber, with his family, returned to Ottawa, and at once attached himself to the local corps. Shortly after his return he was commissioned Band Sergeant for one term, then held the position of Secretary for a time. During Adj't. Wiseman's sojourn in Ottawa, he was appointed to the honorable Adj't. position as the most important position (in fact, the rank is looked upon as being almost as important as that of the officer in charge), which he now holds, "Sergt.-Major of the corps."

There are many things which have occurred during his term which have been highly commendable to him, one of which might just be mentioned here. Bro. Webber, some seven or eight years ago, was employed with the Ottawa Electric Company (which is still regarded as a most faithful enterprise), and at a time when there was a lamp trimmer on the all-light (city service), and it was a regular occurrence during the summer, when the lights were out early, on Sunday, for him to start out at 2 o'clock, run his round, and be all through in time to assist at the holiness meeting at

11 o'clock. I am sure, sir, such sacrifice on the part of Sergt.-Major Webber is only one instance in the life of a man who is willing to sacrifice much more for the good of his fellow-man and the extension of the Kingdom, which he has so much at heart.

Sergt.-Major Webber has certainly made very practical use of his time to helping save men and women from themselves, in regard to putting forward his own family. He has two daughters now in the field—Lena Webber, who is assisting Capt. R. McMillan, at London, and Cadet Webber, who recently farewelled, and is now stationed at Pt. St. Charles, Montreal—and according to latest records, both are looked upon as officers whom their parents may be proud of.

It would not do to close this report without making some reference to his good wife, who has helped the Sergt.-Major on the way he has so ably trod. Mrs. Webber is a real, practical, Christian woman, one who is willing to sacrifice all for the glory of God, and

I am sure all her Ottawa comrades feel proud of her for all she has done for the advancement of the Army work.

The Sergt.-Major is a great Disciplinarian, prompt, and a great believer in uniform. He plays a cornet in the band, and is an active worker for every scheme which tends to advance the work of the Army at large. He was married about 23 years ago, and is employed as an electrician by the Ottawa Electric Light Co.

In conclusion Sergt.-Major Webber said, "The Lord has been good to us. He has saved nearly all our family (which consists of four girls), and I am saved and exceedingly happy."

"The old-time religion is good enough for me. It makes me happy when at home, or anywhere I go."

May peace and happiness follow Sergt.-Major Webber to the end of life's journey, is the best wish of—"Cankarious."

A Triune God.

By J. H. MERRETT.

Mystery of mysteries! Three persons in one Godhead—blessed Trinity! Yet each one having a personal individuality, and as such to be acknowledged—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost! But great as is the mystery, beyond all human conception, still the Word of God is filled with the knowledge of God, that the old faith in His need not be a blind faith, without foundation, nor our worship of Him as the worship of an unknown God.

I.—God the Father.

Creator of heaven and earth, without beginning or end, possessor of all wisdom, power and might, author of all things visible and invisible; well might we ascribe to Him all honor, praise and glory, omnipotent, glorious, gracious, mighty, long-suffering, eternal, jealous, merciful, righteous, righteous, good, great, upright, omniscient, omnipotent, only—wise, yes, ten thousand times ten thousand times more than all of these, truly there is none like unto Him, either in heaven above or in the earth beneath. He it is who makes the sun to shine and the moon to give us light, who sends the rain in its season, and causes the earth to bring forth plentifully; who cares for the young lions, and without whose notice not even a sparrow falleth to the ground; in Him we trust and abide, and have our being; from His coming we have received a perfect gift, and to Him, and Him alone, do we look for strength in our weakness, wisdom in our ignorance—we find in Him our all in all. "Our Father, which art in heaven!"

II.—God the Son.

Bahe in the manger! Miraculous conception—only begotten of thy Father; Lowly of birth—no place in the palace, no place in the inn. Son of the Father in spirit and in bone! Son of the mother—mortal man! Children of the first Adam—the "created" of God—babe we, the second Adam, the "begotten" of God, for He it was who pitied us when there was no other eye to pity, and when there was no baviour his own arm brought salvation in.

The first Adam, though created in the likeness of God, through the weakness of the flesh fell under the temptation of the devil, being cast out of the garden of Eden, and losing not only the image of God, but the image of God, "no death came upon every man." For God pronounced upon man the terrible sentence, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shall thou eat of it all the days of thy life. . . . In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return."

But out of the darkness shone a bright light, and into the chamber of death came a glorious and dazzling ray of hope. "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for He shall save his people from their sins." And so He came from heaven and dwelt upon earth, taking upon Him our nature—not the

fallen, sinful nature, but the pure God-created human nature of the first Adam before the fall—with all the appetites, desires, affections, feelings, sensations, emotions pertaining thereto. And what was His mission? He came to undo the evil the first man had done. He came to redeem us from the curse of a broken law by fulfilling that law in His life—not allowing the flesh to conquer the spirit, but by bringing the flesh into subjection to the spirit, causing it to overcome the temptations of the same devil who compassed Adam. He came to pay the penalty for sin, to appease the wrath of God, to satisfy the claims of justice, and to open up a new and living way, whereby every son and daughter of Adam's fallen race might be pardoned and restored to the favor of God. By His life He fulfilled the requirements of the law. In His death He paid the penalty of the law; by His resurrection He broke the power of the law; and by His ascension, He brought man again into communion with the Author of the Law. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

III.—God the Holy Ghost.

Co-equal with the Father and the Son in all their infinite and eternal, the Holy Ghost has also co-equal with them in their dealings with mankind ever since the creation. We read that when "the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." After making man in their own image, they breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a "living soul"—doubtless the life of that soul was the Holy Ghost, and although after the fall in the garden of Eden the Holy Ghost did not withdraw himself from the hearts of Adam and Eve, and they became spiritually dead, it was trespass and sin. He nevertheless brought condemnation and fear upon them, and that same fear has followed their sons and daughters in all their generations. The Holy Ghost has always been the Ambassador of the Holy Trinity, and through Him has the law been revealed, the judgments proclaimed, and the mercy of God made known to man. Whether in the days of Moses, or of Herod, or the mouth of the prophet, or in the apostle, the message has always been the same—"punishment for the wicked and pardon for the penitent." And the Holy Ghost has always given His aid by working miracles and doing wonderful works.

And when in the fulness of time the Father gave His only begotten Son to become the Saviour of the world, the Holy Ghost "came upon" the Virgin Mary, and "the power of the Highest overshadowed her; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of her shall be called the Son of God."

After the birth of the child Jesus, the Holy Ghost was His

constant co-worker, "and the young child grew and waxed strong in the spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him." He was with the Son throughout His journey from the manger to the cross, glorifying both the Father and the Son by His mighty works.

But when at last the Master's work on earth was finished, and He was about to return to His Father's home, this was the promise given to the disciples: "If you love Me, keep My commandments, and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth. And the Comforter, whom I will send to you, He will teach you all things." Thus He became not only the great witness and representative of the Trinity on earth, but He also became the only helper of man.

To mention all the offices of the Holy Ghost towards men would be impossible, but it might be profitable to name a few of them.

He is the author of the new birth, for "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." "If we have not the Spirit of God, we are not of His."

He inspires the Scriptures, "for all Scripture is given by inspiration," and "holy men spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit."

He is the revealer of the things of God to the soul, because eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." He abides with the saints, "bearing witness with their spirits that they are children of God." He imparts to them wisdom and strength, and carries them into the way of all truth, comforts them in the hour of affliction, protects them in the place of danger, helps them with their infirmities, imparts to them the peace and love of God, is the source of true joy, and by His intercession enables them to offer up prayers which alone avail at the throne of God.

He alone can convince a man of sin, of righteousness and of judgment." "No man can come unto the Father except the Spirit draw him," and "all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven man, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven man."

Let us then how down before this Triune God, and ascribe all glory to God the Father, who hath created us; to God the son, who hath redeemed us; to God the Holy Ghost, who hath quickened and sanctified us by His power.

All hail a Trium God!

HOW TO ACQUIRE PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Though so short, the little Queen of England possessed a matchless dignity, and many small women are far from unimpressive. If you desire personal influence only for your own pride of possession and personal pleasure, the wish is unworthy. But do not use such influence to make others happy and better. Wealth, beauty and charm are not one of them essential to the influence character. A plain, poor and rather tactless girl may have force enough to count for much in her circle. Charm is within the reach of all girls who are unselfish and gentle.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; yield with firmness, but oppose with firmness.

Great occasions do not make heroes of cowards; they simply unveil them. Silently and imperceptibly we grow strong, or we grow weak; and at last some crisis shows what we have become.

Hunger frequently causes restlessness and wakefulness. This often may be avoided by taking a glass of milk—preferably hot, but not boiled, or a cup of coco, or even a light sandwich. Ladies' Home Journal.



PRINTED at Montreal, March, Commissioner of the Red Knights of the Cross, Army of the Cross, Canada, and the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Morris, at the Salvation Army Printing House, in Albert Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

All communications according to the contents of the WAR CRY, and all correspondence, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, 100, St. James Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. All communications on matters relating to the subscription, donation, and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR. All contributions should be made payable to THE EDITOR. All Cheques, P. C. and Express Orders should be made payable to THE EDITOR. All manuscripts intended for publication, should be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. When manuscripts are submitted, the author should retain a copy for publication, and in post at the rate of ONE CENTS postage per two copies, or two cents postage for each carriage or open wrapper and mailed "Editor's Copy."

General Order.

RE JUNIOR SOLDIERS' ANNUAL.

The dates for the above are Sunday and Monday, May 4 and 5. In every corps the regulations regarding the same must be faithfully carried out.

(1) The Juniors will take the platform on Sunday afternoon, May 4, when the quarterly review will take place.

(2) Monday, May 5, a Junior's Demonstration is to be arranged in the Senior barracks.

(3) One-third of the total proceeds of these meetings will be passed over to the J. S. Fund for the purchase of prizes, etc.

P. O.'s and D. O.'s are responsible for seeing the foregoing directions carried out.

(Signed) Evangeline C. Booth,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

At It Again.

We were cheered this week by seeing the Commissioner again in our midst, having recovered from her illness, although still bearing some slight traces of its effect. Our leader, with her well-known energy, has, even during her sickness, kept, to some extent, hold upon the helm of the good old ship, and now that she is well, she is greatly desirous of making her Western tour a record-breaking trip in every particular, especially in the soul-saving line.

Let every officer likewise determine that, although the Siege is ended, our soul-saving efforts must not end. Rejoicing over its victories, we must press on to conquer again. Fine days and spring's attractions may be great, but the attraction of the Gospel of the cross, wherever preached in simplicity and earnestness, is greater. Now is the time to value the open-air meetings. The old idea that extensive soul-saving must cease with the going of the winter is exploded. Souls can and must be saved at all times and in all seasons. Let us, therefore, go "at it again" with a will.

The Red Knights Start.

(By Wire.)

The visit of the Red Knights to North Bay was a gigantic success. Opera House was packed twice. Musical Festival proved a distinct hit; Mayor presided. Seven souls came to the penitent form. The finances exceeded our highest expectations. Party in excellent spirits.—Staff-Captain Morris.

Brig. Sharp on Inspection Trip.

(By Wire.)

Brigadier Sharp, Provincial Officer, has just visited New Glasgow, Springhill, and Parrsboro corps for inspection. The trip was a decided success. In every way the Brigadier's heart-searching talks were greatly appreciated. The result was most gratifying: thirty souls forward for salvation and sanctification.—Howell.

General Secretary at Guelph.

EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin conducted meetings Easter week-end in the Royal City, which were largely attended, and much blessing was the result, in spite of inclement weather. The Treasurer, Bro. Gormle, related how, eighteen years ago, he was delivered from the thralldom of drink and sin.

The finances were excellent. Five souls came to the Mercy Seat.

Territorial Newslets.

A very sad and serious accident occurred in our press room on Saturday last, which cast a gloom not only in the Printing Department, but extends throughout the Headquarters building.

William Lang, the Treasurer of the Temple Corps, who entered our employ some seven years ago, working his way from one position to another, to become a pressman, a position next to the foreman in the press room, was the unfortunate one.

Since the accident, owing to the seriousness of the same, it has been impossible to procure a suitable replacement, but we gather that on Saturday morning just past, a few minutes to the time of closing, Brother Lang slipped in some way, his arm coming in contact with the machinery of a huge press, when in the twinkling of an eye the right arm was severely crushed at the elbow. Our comrade was removed immediately to the Emergency Hospital, where five doctors held a

consultation, all agreeing the only hope of saving the patient's life was by amputating the arm. This was done, and our dear comrade since has been doing as well as can be expected.

We extend our sympathy and prayers to our dear comrade and those to whom he is especially dear.

The Red Knights of the Cross had adieu to Headquarters on Good Friday. They went on in splendid spirits, and sted their lengthy Western tour with full zeal and faith for a mighty awakening. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday they were at North Bay, and we are impatient to hear the latest news. Our united prayers follow them.

Miss Baker, who has been employed in the Central Ontario Office for some years, has just lost her mother. May God sustain the bereaved.

Knee-drills are going up! Sunday morning at the Temple there were 99 and at Riverside 41.

Headquarters Staff were nearly all away for special meetings during Easter, and came back with glowing reports. While some of the fighting was fierce in smaller corps, souls were brought to God in every instance.

Good Friday was a day of days at the Temple. Magnificent crowds, eighteen souls and the enrolling of ninety-five Soldiers and fifteen recruits were among the pleasant features. Brigadiers Gaskin and Pickering were commanding.

Adjutant Adams has dived into the cash box and figures in the absence of the cashier, and judging by his easy manner and smiling face is perfectly at home in his new work.

Staff-Captain Archibald reports the conversion of two men in the Central Prison on Saturday.

Brigadier Horn leaves at once for Ottawa with a committee of gentlemen to wait on the government in connection with the protection of Canadian copyrights. While in the Capital, the Brigadier will make full use of his time in gaining particulars concerning the erection of a new building for Army purposes.

THE COMMISSIONER'S WESTERN TOUR.

MISS BOOTH,

Accompanied by the RED KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS,
will visit

Butte, Mont.	Sunday and Monday, April 13, 14
Roseland, B.C.	Sunday, Monday, April 20, 21
Nelson, B.C.	Wednesday, April 23
Spokane, Wash.	
	Friday, Saturday, Sunday, April 25, 26, 27
Victoria, B.C.	Wednesday, April 30
Vancouver, B.C.	Thursday, May 1

FOR PARTICULARS SEE LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Red Knights of the Cross

(BRIGADIER PUGMIRE IN COMMAND),

WILL CONDUCT SPECIAL MEETINGS AT

Butte	Saturday, April 12
Helena	Tuesday, April 15
Roseland	Saturday, April 19
Nelson	Thursday, April 24

More appointments to follow. See local advertisements for particulars.

Major Turner paid us a flying visit this week, and was full of smiles. The East Ontario braves must be getting into uniform splendour and doing a deal of good reading, judging by the quality of trade stuff the Major was stowing away.

Territorial Training Home Notes.

The Principals, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanyon, with Ensign Breaut, Captain Trickey and 20 Cadets, have just conducted the Easter services at the Temple with splendid results.

Good crowds, the finances excellent and souls saved. A tremendous crowd attended the early morning march at 6:30 a.m., and knee drill was a record-breaker. Never before for years in the history of the Temple has there been such a crowd at knee-drill. Ninety were present, and what a time we had!

Monday night Cadet Richardson of H.M.S. Buzzard spoke on the S. A. Naval and Military League. He also sang one of his favorite solos of his own composition. This cadet was saved on board ship through the influence of a lassie who visited a moon while he was there.

Cadet White of Bermuda spoke of his conversion on the Island of the Lily and Onion.

Cadet Scarff came to disturb a meeting when unsaved, having caught a mouse in a trap, pocketed it and started off for "a time." But he was caught in a trap, for the Army got hold of him, and now for some time he has been in its ranks.

Cadet Clark of Prince Edward Island used to attend meetings frequently to disturb them. He is now the Cadet Color-Sergeant.

Cadet Copeland, of Nova Scotia, was saved through the beating of the Army drum.

The Cadets looked quite attractive in their new belts and sashes at the Easter meeting.

In one afternoon last week eight of the cadets visited 230 houses, praying in 91 of them. They also visited 64 hotels during the week.

St. Kitt's Captivated.

(By Wire.)

Great Prison Gate meeting Monday night. Tremendous crowds attended, although very stormy. Staff-Captain Archibald's lecture was very pathetic and instructive. The meeting created a profound impression here, and practical sympathy was shown in excellent collections.—H. Walker, Adj't.

The highest glory in any world is the glory of service.—April Ladies' Home Journal.





Great Britain.

From the British War Cry we gather that out of the world's population of over fifteen hundred million souls, not so many as five hundred millions are even professedly Christians. The remaining ten hundred millions know nothing of the joys, the consolations, or the present witness to deliverance from sin and the enjoyment of life everlasting with Christ in Glory. The fields are truly white for harvest.

The dark campaign now on in the Old Land is being abundantly blessed by God. The British Cry is full of records of some of the worst or drunkards who have been saved. The three watchwords for the campaign are Agitation, Organization, Salvation. The Cry goes on to say: "So far as the dark question concerning the people are divided into two camps. There are the blind who have eyes and see not, who view drink as they do cancer, as an incurable disease. There is the other camp—filled with the apathetic, who have grown weary in well-doing, whose powers for service are numbed by repeated failures, and especially by the example of those who at one time were zealous for the cause, but who to-day say: 'What's the good of it all?' Then follows an earnest appeal to the British Soldier. There is never a reason given that the goal they have set for themselves will be triumphantly reached, judging by the enthusiastic and whole-hearted manner in which our comrades are taking hold of the campaign.

After a long and successful career in connection with the International Trading Department, Brigadier Liffe is under marching orders, and is appointed to take charge of the newly created Industrial Department at the Farm Colony under the Governor, Col. Lamb. The department will include three extensive brick fields and other associated industries.

South Africa.

The new Prison-Gate Home which has recently been opened in Pietermaritzburg will undoubtedly fill a long-felt want. So great has been the need for such an institution that the Natal Government has given the Salvation Army three hundred pounds towards defraying the costs for opening a Home for Discharged Prisoners. This action on the part of the government has, no doubt, been caused by the excellent work which has been accomplished by our Prison Gate Home in Cape Colony.

The General has decided upon the establishment of a proper Native Training Institution in South Africa. It will consist of a farm in a semi-rural district, on which buildings will be erected for carrying on Native Mission Work on the spot and for training Native Cadets who desire to consecrate their lives to the saving of their fellow. This is a step in the right direction. It will be some time before it can be got into working order, but it is satisfactory to know that the project has been decided upon, and as soon as Commissioner Kilby can settle upon the site, it will become an accomplished fact.

Holland.

Col. Lawley's stay in Holland left its mark. God was with him. The floodgates of salvation were opened. During his sixteen days' fighting for souls, he saw 250 kneel for salvation and holiness in his meetings, principally for salvation.

One young man at the Hague came to the British Mission to seek God. The Spirit of God turned his mockery to misery, and he came the next night and made a public confession of his sin and sought and obtained Divine forgiveness.

Col. Lawley is in excellent health, and looks better than he has done for years.

Australia.

The Chief Secretary of Victoria, Mr. Trenwith, accompanied by the Under Secretary Mr. Morrison, were recently shown over the Boys' Home at Bayswater by Commissioner McKie. They were delighted with the Home. Mr. Trenwith asked that he might bring his wife and send a Sunday there. The boys sang for their visitors, and Mr. Trenwith, as he addressed the lads and prayed for them, was visibly affected.

United States.

Ensigns Cook and Heitz, both old Canadian officers, have recently been promoted to the rank of Adjutant.

Arrangements are in hand for a



Canadian Cuttings—

Four hundred Ontario settlers for the West left Toronto recently.

Two thousand Norwegian laborers are helping build in Christiansburg by an American Congressman for railway work in Canada.

Mr. Henry Sanderson, of Gorrie, was fishing when his pole touched an electric wire and the shock killed him.

The Simcoe Wool Stock Co's property was destroyed by fire. Several of the employees barely escaped being burned. Loss approximately \$2,500.

The Dominion customs revenue shows an increase for the past nine months of nearly \$2,000,000.

Upson Salomon, the Galician wife-murderer, was sentenced in Winnipeg to hang on May 27th.

The Imperial authorities have asked for another mounted force of 2,000 men from Canada.

The Elder-Dempster Liner Lake Superior is aground on a mud bank in Courtney Bay, off St. John, N.B. It is hoped that she will be easily floated off.

Karl Dallman, one of the three men in Kingston Penitentiary for attempting to blow up a lock of the Welland Canal, is said to be Luke Dillon, the Irish leader, and member of the Clan-na-Gael.

The ninth Parliament of the Ontario Legislature dissolved on Saturday by vote of time.

Engineers John A. McGill, John Charlton and Breckin Harry Macdonald, all of St. Thomas, were killed in a collision between Webasto trucks at Joliet.

Arrangements are being made for the post of Lieutenant-General on the staff commanding regular troops in Canada to be abolished shortly, and a Colonel on the staff to be substituted. The Lieutenant-General's appointment is now vacant, and Col. V. R. Bischoff, A.A.G., now in command, will retire in April.

great Pan-American Congress in New York during the latter part of May. Our countrymen believe this will be the most glorious time the Army has ever had in that country.

The Easter number of the United States Cry is certainly a very great credit to the ability and enterprise of our cousins across the line and deserving of much praise, both as regards artistic merit and the spy matter that fills its pages. We heartily congratulate the editor of our New York contemporary.

India and Ceylon.

Brigadier Sukh Singh of the Madras Territory recently did a three weeks' tour of the Teleng country. At one corps, on a Sunday morning, out of the 1,000 in roll call 147 were present at the meeting. How does that compare with our country?

The Sergeant-Major at a certain Indian village corps gave a feast to everybody who came to the meeting as a thank-offering for the conversion of his son and family, which was the last heathen family in the village. Every person now in the village is a Christian.

Another man there gave a donation as a thank-offering for his own conversion from heathenism through the Salvation Army. The Brigadier reports that at several other corps a number of soldiers gave thank-offerings.

A plague of rats has overrun Gujarat. The government is offering a reward of a pice (one-twelfth of a penny) for every rat killed. This has afforded a remunerative employment for a number of people. The colonists on our Farm Colony have already sent in several thousand tails.

Arrangements are in hand for a

pushed him on the trap, but he gave a leap before the trap could be sprung, and fell from the gallows hanging himself.

From the British Isles.

The news of the death of Cecil Rhodes has come as a shock to many who looked forward to the time when he would again take a part in public life, regarding the unification of South Africa. Cecil Rhodes was a strong personality, who made himself felt throughout the British Empire. He was a warm admirer of General Booth and a friend of the Salvation Army. He has left the bulk of his millions for the advancement of public education, to fit Younger Britain to cope better with the rest of the world.

The South African peace effort seems to have not borne any fruits so far, hostilities being pushed everywhere, and the embarkation of troops from England and the colonies is continued.

Dr. F. T. Addyman, of St. George's Hospital, London, says he has completed the cure of a bad case of cancer in a woman by the action of X-rays upon the disease.

Right Hon. James Lowther presented petitions to the British House of Commons from Liverpool and Cardiff, containing 35,000 signatures, praying for duties on foreign goods.

Very heavy seas have been running in the English Channel and the Irish Sea. A number of vessels are in distress. Queen Alexandra's departure for Copenhagen was postponed in consequence of the gale.

A "prayer for peace" was the only novel feature of the observance of Good Friday in Great Britain. The Bishops of London, Rochester, and St. Albans issued special appeals to their flocks to unite in prayer that both British and Boers be granted the temper of peace-makers, pointing out that similar prayers are being offered in the Dutch churches of Freloria.

While the Prince and Princess of Wales were launching the battleship Prince of Wales, at Chatham, a gunner who was firing a salute was mortally injured, both his arms being blown off.

International.

A fire at Tukui, Japan, has destroyed 4,000 houses.

It is reported that the plague in the Punjab is carrying off 70,000 persons every month.

The Viceroy of India unveiled the statue of Queen Victoria in Calcutta.

It is said that nearly a thousand deaths from cholera occurred at Mecca since March 23rd.

Lieut-General Sir Andrew Clark, Agent-General for Victoria, Australia, in London, is dead.

The census of Berlin gives the population at 1,901,567.

The Turkish Government has decided to call to the colors 90,000 irregular troops. This mobilization is ostensibly for the annual manoeuvres, but, in view of the conditions in Macedonia, considerable significance is attached to the movement.

A telegram from Allahabad states that General Walter Kitchener is to proceed to India to take over the command of a first-class district, which will probably be Quetta.

A remarkable invention for preventing railway accidents has been tried with success on the western railways of France. The invention is placed on the engine. If the driver, for any cause, passes an adverse danger signal the apparatus blows a whistle continuously, and also throws up a small light under the engine driver's nose. This will render all accidents, except trivial ones, impossible.

One hundred and fifty Turkish troops attacked a Bulgarian post near Saratash. One Bulgarian was killed and several were wounded. The Bulgarian garrison is being reinforced by two companies of soldiers.

Since the outbreak of cholera at Manila there have been 90 cases, and 72 deaths from that disease reported.

The Harmonics

AT MORRISTOWN AND BROCKVILLE.

20 Souls for Salvation, 10 for Sanctification—The Harmonic Revivalists
Conduct a Revival Service in the M. E. Church, at Morristown, N.Y.

The Rev. Mr. Best, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Morristown, N.Y., invited the Harmonic Revivalists to conduct some services in his church, and we responded to the call. The troupe was piloted across the ice of the St. Lawrence by Capt. Clark, of Brockville, on Monday night. When we reached the church, we found it full and the congregation enjoying a solo being sung by Capt. Bliss, who, with Cadet Duncan had gone over in the afternoon. The minister being loved by his people, and an open friend of the Salvation Army, we felt perfectly at home in the church, where liberty was given to do just as we pleased. Our music and songs were enjoyed and taken up heartily, and as God's Word was read the people drank in the truth, it penetrating to the hearts of many. The minister then had a few words of exhortation, telling his congregation he had been praying that our visit might result in the salvation of many souls, and so it was. There was weeping all over the place, and people started to come in ones and twos, until nine or ten were seeking God's salvation. It was beautiful to see the church members deal with the converts at the altar, many of them testifying to not only the saving power of God, but the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. This meeting was so successful that we promised to come over and do a holiness meeting in the afternoon and another salvation meeting at night. Capt. Clark and Cadet Duncan conducted the afternoon holiness meeting on Friday, some ten seeking the blessing of a clean heart. We were unable to get over until close of same, but it was a nice sight to see those seeking more of God. The rain which had been coming down all afternoon literally poured at night, but in spite of this the church was comfortably filled. We had a beautiful meeting. Mrs. Ensign Bliss read the lesson, showing how necessary it was to strive to enter in at the straight gate. Again at the close seekers came forward, amongst them were some children, until eleven more penitents were crying for mercy, and we thanked God for the privilege of leading souls to Him.

Those who had come forward in the meeting testified to the saving power of God in the after-meeting. The minister was happy and rejoiced, and thanked us for our visit. They gave us \$9 in two collections.

It was a very dangerous thing crossing the ice on the St. Lawrence, so that the second night we had to wait over until the morning, and then at places there was a foot of water on the ice, and hundreds of feet below, but the Lord protected us and brought us safely over, for which we thanked Him.—F. R. Bliss, Ensign.

Brockville.

We arrived at Brockville on Friday. Capt. Clark, the officer in charge, came up to the depot to meet us, and the Captain said he was thankful we had come. We did our best for God and souls. The first two nights no one yielded.

Sunday we were up bright and early for knee-drill. A night-watchman, who was passing on his way home to breakfast, heard the singing, came upstairs, and got such a blessing that he said it was worth a quarter. Sunday was a high day from start to finish. One conversion.

On Monday night we went across to Morristown, and held a meeting in the M. E. Church. Everybody was delighted. Nine souls sought salvation of their sins. We came home feeling delighted we had helped our Methodist comrades. One old lady in particular said, "Why, this is like old times."

We also paid a visit to Algonquin. We started to drive about 3 p.m. a distance of twelve miles. It was a beautiful day, the sun was glistening on the snow-banks, which were high as the fences. When we reached the village we saw the flag out on the

fence, which indicated there was a meeting on that night. Capt. Duncan and Bro. Easter were cleaning up the barracks. I might say this building is a great credit to the soldiers and friends out at Algonquin. We had a lively meeting, lots of music, and we pressed home the truth, which fell into good ground. After meeting was had a drive of twelve miles, over hills, down in the valleys, and through the bushels, arriving at Brockville at 1:30 a.m.

On Saturday we welcomed Captain Grose, who has been away from the troupe for a couple of weeks, and his friend, Capt. Clark, who had come to India. We had a meeting in the morning on Saturday night, and all day Sunday. Captain Grose farewelled on Sunday night. He said he had thought of India for a good many years, and felt led by God to go and work as a missionary, and he was glad the Commissioner had accepted him. We all wish the Captain success in that far-off country, and pray that God will bless his labors.

Monday night was our last meeting in Brockville. We were reinforced by Capt. Poole, G.B.M., who rendered good assistance. The church was filled quite a band, in fact the people thought their town band had turned out, but we reminded them that the Army was not dead. After the meeting coffee and cake were served. A splendid crowd attended. We left Brockville for Kemptonville. More news to follow.—T. B.

THROUGH CHATHAM DISTRICT

On Tuesday, March 4th, I started for a trip through part of the District. The first place visited was

Ridgeway.

I was met by Ensign Huntingdon who conducted me to the home of Mother Watt, with whom I was to stay, and where I felt very much at home. At night a very nice crowd gathered at the hall, while the meeting was going on the fire alarm sounded, and our audience left us in a hurry. Nevertheless, we had a good, profitable meeting, and God was glorified. The next morning I boarded the cars for

Blenheim.

Capt. Greenwood was at the station all smiles. We were pleased to see each other again, having fought some battles together in the past. The day was spent in correspondence and corps inspection. 7:45 finds us in the open air, about twenty strong. At the barracks we had a good lively pitch-in. In the prayer meeting our sister held up her hand for prayer. I very much enjoyed my visit to this corps. There are many good, faithful soldiers, and all that is needed is a general revival in the soul-saving line.

Leamington

Is my next stopping-place. Capt. Coy piloted me to the quarters, where I received a hearty welcome from dear Mrs. Coy, whom I was pleased to see looking so well, also the two dear little children. In spite of counter attractions, we had a lovely open-air, and a splendid time inside, with a very nice and good present. We had the pleasure of dedicating to the Lord the infant daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Coy. Both the Captain and Mrs. Coy expressed their dismission that their little girl should be trained for God and the Army. We did our best to get someone to settle the matter with God, but none would yield. God is giving the Captain victory. A number of souls have been saved since the Siege began, as well as a number of recruits. One name was added to the roll, and there are more to follow.

Essex.

I wended my way to the quarters here, where I found Ensign and Mrs. Jarvis. The Ensign is a busy man, and a thorough believer in work. The morning I arrived at the quarters I found him as busy as ever. What a change has taken place in Army circles since I visited this corps a few years ago. A general revival broke out when the Soul-Saving Troupe visited the town some weeks ago, and scores of souls have come to God, who will put new life into the corps. The barracks and quarters have had a general overhauling, which is making a great improvement all round.

We had an old-time meeting at night. Four recruits stood beneath the colors and were enrolled as soldiers, and six Locals were commissioned. At the close of this meeting we conducted a census meeting, when nine more were added to the roll. Ensign and Mrs. Jarvis are right at home with the people of Essex, and the writer thinks Essex is all right. The Saturday and Sunday I spent with Ensign and Mrs. Huntingdon, at

Windsor,

and to say I enjoyed my visit here is a mild way of putting it. I was pleased to meet so many comrades of days gone by who are still fighting the battles of the Lord. Sunday afternoon was one of the best meetings it has been the writer's privilege of attending for some time. At the close a Junior sought the Lord. At night we had a singing night, and the recruits and the three seniors sought the salvation of the Lord. Ensign and Mrs. Huntingdon are doing their best for the salvation of the people, and God is rewarding them by giving them a good number of souls. On Monday afternoon, accompanied by Ensign Huntingdon, we visited dear Major B. B. Cox, in the county jail, Detroit. The Major is spending a term in jail for preaching Jesus in the open-air. As we knelt in prayer in the cell God drew near and blessed us. We left the prison with the Major's words ringing in our ears, "I was in prison and ye visited me."

On Tuesday morning I returned to Chatham, having spent a very profitable week, doing the best for God and souls. Regarding the Siege, the Chatham District will come out on top, of which you will hear more later.—Jas. McHarg, D. O.

Wedding and Farewell

AT BERMUDA.

We had just concluded the special series of meetings held by our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Sharp and Staff-Capt. Howell, when we were called upon to conduct a wedding service. Two of our most faithful soldiers, Bro. T. Harvie and Sister Lucy Richardson, were united under the yellow, red, and blue. The large crowd attending, in spite of the frequency of public weddings in Bermuda, showed the estimation in which our comrades are held. Rev. Mr. Shirley, a warm friend of the Army, led the knot. The Juniors took a prominent part in the service, the bride being a Junior worker. Two little girls assisted the bridesmaid in doing the honors of the occasion, presenting each Junior with a piece of wedding cake.

The bride and bridegroom made very becoming addresses. Capt. McLeod and Serjt.-Major Smith sang a duet, "Evermore Thine," which added much to the good effect of the meeting. The Rev. Mr. Shirley and Serjt.-Major Groener congratulated the happy couple, and made an appeal to sinners to give themselves to God.

A few days after our faithful brother Wallace White, farewelled for the "Terrible" Training Home. Many of the blessings he had been to them. We pray that the same grace and power that God has given him in Bermuda may be continually bestowed upon him, making him equal to all the responsibilities and difficulties of an officer's life.

We are marching on to victory. The Corps-Cadet Brigade is increasing. Capt. McLeod is becoming a great War Cry boomer, selling more War Cry in one day than any previous officer stationed in Bermuda. The Siege is progressing.—M. Graham, D. O.

A Backsider Came Home.

St. George's, Bar.—Our crowds are increasing and a few souls have been won for the Master. Also the Junior work is steadily advancing, and we have already sought the Gaviour. Our meetings on Sunday were all that could be desired. Capt. Prince gave me of her interesting Bible talks, which was enjoyed by all. One backsider came home. Capt. Payne, of the Somerset corps, has also paid us a visit, and her speaking and singing were appreciated very much. We are looking forward to greater times in the future.—Corps-Cadet E. Astill.

EASTERN HARVESTERS.

Moncton Revived—Forty-Five Seekers—Two Horse-Traders and an ex-Captain Among the Number—Ministers Clap Their Hands for Joy.

Well sir, you talk about good times, but we have been given them here in Moncton. I never seen it fall yet on our farm. If you sow wheat you'll raise wheat, and if you sow chaff you'll grow nothen. I tel you, there has been a good lot of seed-sown here, and they been wateren it, and now God is given the increase. We have been given some of the most powerful metens I ever was at, with the bidden packed to the door like sennit. I would do your heart good to look around the soldiers on the platform, and see them there, some of them after seventeen years of fighten for God. The presence of God was felt very near in the meetings, so much so that the Christians belonged to the other churches what was in the hell, jumped to their feet, shouten and clappen their hands. One woman said, "Glory to God, I'm glad I got it; it's good, it's good!" The soldiers were all on fire, and the fire spread, and when the fire of the Holy Ghost is around it gets too hot for the devil. He may be able to stand his own fire, but he can't stand that kind of fire. This was proved in our meetings by the many souls who, by the power of God the Holy Ghost, were set at liberty.

Ten Souls Sunday Night.

Our Sunday meetings began with a march at 6:45 a.m. and thirty-seven at knee-drill, where the fire was kindled. At 11 a.m. it was gotten pretty warm; 3 p.m. very hot, and one soul was set free. 8 p.m. white heat, everyone on fire. No standing room over one hundred turned away. Baptist and Mission ministers present, clasping their hands for joy. We had on to God by mighty faith, and the souls began to come. Down dropped a sin, here comes a backsider, still they come, here comes a horse-trader (horse-traders from thirty miles in the country), here comes a man from the back of the hall with a broken heart, tears fills his eyes, he cries, "O God, help me!" Who is he? He is an ex-Captain, who left the Army work ten years ago, lost his experience, lost his Christ, had a backsider's life deep in sin, never has found peace in the world, now returns to God. Here comes two young men, all the way from Sackville. Praise God! How many is that to-night? Ten precious souls. Is heaven rejoice? Yes, ten precious souls. Is heaven rejoice? Yes, ten precious souls. Say hallelujah!

A Great Muscale.

We wound up with a great musical meeting on Tuesday night. Hall packed out, music grand. We were greatly assisted by the Band of Love children with their drills, also by Adjt. Byers, and Cadet Hagan, who took a prominent part in the meeten. One soul surrendered. We finished up our ten days' campaign feelen that God was pleased with our efforts, and also very thankful for the wonderful victories he gave us. Some of the results of our fourteen days' meeten are 31 souls for salvation, 12 for holiness; 2,581 attendants, 2,119 in open-air, 1,000 in meetings, 219 in attendance in open-air, finance exchequer high, the pocke grand very liberally.

I wish Farmer Tomi could find some words to express the appreciation of the troupe for all the kindness shown us by Adjt. Byers, Cadet Hagan, and the dear soldiers of Moncton. We can only say, "God bless, prosper, and reward them for it all."

Here we are at the station, the train is four and a half hours late, but cheer up, comrades, ponder it comes. Good-bye all my kind friends, we must turn our faces towards Campbelfton and the people of the north. We are all in good shape for a big victory up there.—Farmer Tomi.

They hear but half who hear once only.—Aeschylus.

There is no question that the surest and safest influence that can enter into the life of man or woman is that which is brought them by a child—April Ladies' Home Journal.

From the FIGHTING LINE

"Them's the Good Meetin's."

Annapolis.—"Sure, Mrs. O'Flannigan, an' can it be you?"

"That's just who it is then, Mrs. McCarthy; it's the first day I crossed the doortstep this fortnight."

"It's meself, sure, that missed you, Mrs. O'Flannigan, an' right glad I am to have you."

"I've been allin' wid the grip for goin' on two weeks; who is that Salvation gal, Mrs. McCarthy?"

"That's Insign Brown, an' a good woman she is too, I attends to her meetin's every night, an' them's the good meetin's, Mrs. O'Flannigan."

"Weren't there another Insign to the Army last week?"

"That there was, a Insign Piercy, an' gave us a mighty lantern service, 'A Mother's Love,' an' it was a touchin' one. Folks took out their handkerchiefs an' wiped away the fallin' tears; an' he was there all Sunday, an' spoke so feelin'. Lieut. Riley was there too, he played a mandolin and guitar, an' sang sich beautiful pieces. There was wan I wiste ye heard, Mrs. O'Flannigan, 'My name in mother's prayer.' The Lieutenant took the lead on Tuesday night, an' there was a big crowd. Two souls have been forward to git saved. I believe there'll be more yet. The Salvationers is doin' a great work in Annapolis, in spite of their hardships." Good-day, Mrs. O'Flannigan."

"Good-by to ye, Mrs. McCarthy. Come an' see me some toime."

"That I will, Mrs. O'Flannigan."—B. Bittors.

A Temperance Meeting.

Blenheim.—The comrades are rallyin' up well to the marches and open-air. A sister, who has recently been bereaved of her infant child, and at one time was a soldier, felt the call to again renew her covenant with God, and meet her little one in heaven. On Sunday night we were reinforced by Comrade Dunkley, of Chatham, who assisted in the band. After the meeting a temperance mass meeting was held in the Old House, the Army takin' part, and our band furnished the music.—Ina Groom.

Three Recruits Enrolled.

Bridgewater.—Since last report we have had a visit from Ensign Piercy, who was with us for Saturday and Sunday. The lantern service was a success. A big crowd was present on Sunday afternoon, and we had an enrolment of three recruits. On Monday night Capt. Tatam was with us, and we had a good meeting. God is working.—Sergt.-Major.

The Barracks was Full.

Brooklyn.—We had with us last Thursday Brigadier Pickering and the Hand-Bell Singers. The barracks was full, and the people were well pleased.



Capt. Urquhart and Lt. White, Digby, Nova Scotia.

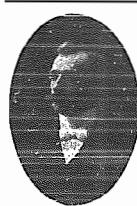
We all say, come again, Brigadier, and bring your family with you.—Lieut. Marskeil.

A Pie Social.

Chatham.—On Thursday night we had a pie social, which was a success, and we were able to make the debt look small. Our crowds are increasing, and finances also. The Siege is in full swing, but it is a hard fight. We are determined never to give in, and before long we trust we will have the joy of seeing many souls cryin' to God for mercy. Look out for next report.—Sergt.-Major Harding.

A Good Announcement.

Calais.—One soul Sunday night. Ensign Williams, Capt. Kirk, and St. Stephen officers and soldiers were with us on Wednesday night. Capts. Parsons and Kirk dressed in yellow, red, and blue, with umbrellas and "Nor'-Wester," did well in announcing the meeting and drawing large crowds



Rev. Mr.
Knox
Greenwood,
B.C.
(Methodist)

A staunch
friend of
the Army.

to the open-air, by running, shouting, and marching for half-an-hour. The result was a full house and \$8 collection. String band to the front. The Ensign, upheld by God, did well. His subject, "The Madman's Actions," was a good one, and his little talk very interesting. The wanderer returned to God. Thus ended one of the best meetings we have had for years.—Ens. Capt. Parsons.

Eight Souls for the Week.

Dido.—God is indeed with us, and we are havin' the victory. On Sunday we had the joy of seeing six souls coming to Jesus. We can report eight for the week. Our soldiers are all on fire for souls. Lieut. Smith has come to help on the war. With Christ we shall win.—J. Baggs, Capt.

A Good Record.

Emerson.—We have just conducted some meetings at Havigeville. Had good times and five souls. I have said good-bye to the kind people of Emerson Circle. Quite a few advances have been made. There were two souls who were saved, and one soul who was born again. We are in good working order. Twenty-two souls were saved, and the income was over \$40 in three and a half months, for which we praise God. Capt. Emberton takes command.—Yours in the war, F. C. Hunt, C.O.

Four at the Cross.

Hamilton II.—Sunday was a day of blessing. In the holiness meeting two came to the Mercy Seat and sought the fulness of His love. At night Bro. Grey spoke a few words of encouragement to us, which were very much appreciated. He also went hustin' for souls in the prayer meeting, and we closed with two more at the pentonit form cryin' for mercy. We are in to make the last week of the Siege the very best we have had.—Proggle.

Eighteen Seek Christ.

Leart's Delight.—Sunday was a day of power, and we closed at night with two souls in the fountain. On Monday and Tuesday we had with us our D.O.

Ensign Brown. The Ensign had a graphophone service, which was enjoyed by all. "Almost persuaded" went home to the hearts of many. On Wednesday night six souls sought and found the Saviour, and three were never saved before. This makes a total of eighteen since last report. We are going to have an enrolment next week, when some of the converts will take their stand as soldiers. God bless them. We shall go over the Siege target.—Capt. L. Hobditch.

After Six Years' Wanderings.

Herring Neck.—Since last report three more have stepped into the Light of God's salvation. One was a backslider for six years, but he has proved that the cleansing current has lost none of its power. Another who had never before proved God's power to save, can now rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ has made her free. We have unwavering faith in the promises of God.—S. French, Lieut.

Dedication Service.

Larimore.—On Thursday, the 13th, we had a dedication service, when Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Sliter's baby was given to the Lord. The service was conducted by Ensign Wilkins, and was a very impressive one. The Holy Spirit was in the meeting from start to finish. A service of this kind had never been held in Larimore town since the Army came, and the people were very much interested. We had a crowded hall and a good collection. One man held up his hand to be prayed for.—Lieut. J. Nellis.

Three Desire Our Prayers.

S. A. Lighthouse.—We were highly favored on Saturday by having a visit from our Chancellor, Adj't. Creighton. We were all delighted to see him. Our meetings are still attended by a good crowd of men who generally frequent the institution and are glad to learn something real about the story of the cross. The Adjutant's Bible talk was full of sharp points, which kept it alive with a great deal of interest and blessing possible. It was plain, definite, heart-searching, and was an evidence of its reaching the desired spot, three dear men held up their hands for prayer. We all look forward with joyful anticipation for a special visit from the Adjutant.—Ens. W. E. Parsons.

Danced Her Hat Off.

Little Bay.—For four months we have been sewing the seed. The Bible says, "We shall reap if we faint not," and, thank God, we have proved this promise true. On Friday night one sought the cleansing fountain, and on Sunday a sister got gloriously saved, and became so happy that she danced her hat off, and went home rejoicing in the Lord.—A Friend.

Twenty-Four Souls.

Little Ward's Harbor.—On Sunday night three backsliders came to the cross, and got wonderfully saved. God is doing a great work. Twenty-four souls have knelt at the Mercy Seat recently, and we are still believing for greater victories.—D. O.

Seven Children Saved.

Melville Hat.—We are still marching on to victory. Since last report several souls have been saved, including seven children. We are trusting in God and fighting in His strength alone. We are confident of greater victories in the future.—"Heck."

Four Found Pardon.

Musgraveaton.—On Sunday the Lord came very near and blessed us from seven in the morning until late at night, and four precious souls found pardon.—T.A.R.R.

Work is Progressing.

Gitawa.—The open-air services held by the Salvation Army on Sunday afternoon and night, appear to be greatly appreciated by many people. Crowds gather at the postoffice for each meeting, and listen very attentively. The meetings in the barracks were very interesting yesterday; the attendance was large at all the services. Last night Ensign Blawcock the meeting and made a very interesting address. The meetings this week will be of a special character. The monthly meeting of the Band of Love will be held on Wednesday night, when refreshments will be served by the members; Thursday night the Rescue Home officers will have charge, the Ensign going to Perth for the meeting that night.—Evening Journal.

Husband and Wife Saved.

Purry Sound.—We have had the time of our meetings doubled from eight to seven. We are having good crowds and seven have sought the Saviour, among the number a husband and wife knelt with broken hearts and cried for mercy.—Sergt. Howell.

Through a Blinding Snow-Storm.

Portage la Prairie.—A terrible storm has been raging here for two days, making it impossible to be out of doors for any length of time. Some of our soldiers, however, being determined to hold the fort, made their way through the blinding snow-storm to the barracks, and dealt faithfully with the few earnest souls present. Out of ten people, two came to God in the afternoon meeting, and at night a backslider came home. The next



Bro. William Garbutt and his bride, recently married at Bracebridge.



day this dear lad was taken to the hospital very sick, but he was rejoicing because his peace was made with God.—R. C.

The Captain Farewells.

Prince Albert.—After eight months of faithful service for the extension of God's Kingdom, and in the interest of Prince Albert corps, we have said good-bye to Capt. N. Myers. Since his arrival we have learned to love her. She has worked faithfully for the Lord, and we know that God will abundantly bless her. We have had Ensign Stater, of Winnipeg, with us for the past week, who was a great blessing to the corps, and altogether we are having glorious times.—Hallelujah Frenchman.

A Convert Helps Nobly.

St. Johnsbury.—Capt. Crego is holding the fort alone at present. We would like to mention, however, that

OVER JORDAN.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Truro, N.S.—Little did we think, when we parted with our much loved and faithful comrade, Bro. Eben Sweet, on March 3rd, that so soon we would be called to look on his form stiff and cold in death. He left us on March 11th, after going to work in Springhill, and on the evening of March 13, as he was going down in the coal mine to work he met with the sad accident which caused his death.

We do not mourn as those who have no hope, for we know if we are as faithful as he was we will meet our comrade in heaven.

Bro. Sweet was saved about seven months ago and since that time he has been a faithful worker for God. In his last letter to his wife he said that Jesus was with him, and was his best Friend. He also told her to be true to God, and to carry the cross that she had just taken up.

Our brother left behind him a wife and two children, also a mother and father and seven brothers and sisters to mourn their loss. We pray that God will comfort and uphold them in their sad bereavement.

We gave our dear comrade a real Army funeral, and a great number of friends turned out to the funeral service, which was conducted by Ensign Cooper from Springhill, assisted by Capt. Smith, Lieut. Strothard, and Capt. Simmons.

At the memorial service on Sunday night there was deep conviction, and we believe his death will be the means of saving many souls. May God grant it.—Capt. N. Smith.

GONE TO HEAVEN.

Campbellton.—We are sorry to have to report the death of one of our soldiers, Mrs. Williamson, widow of our dear Capt. Williamson. She was only sick a few days. During her illness she found Jesus precious, and just before she died she told us she was going to heaven, and desired us all to meet her there. We will miss her very much, but our loss is heaven's gain. May God bless and comfort his bereaved ones.—J. L. D.

CALLED HIGHER.

Mrs. T. Calhoun, formerly Captain Florrie Irvine, Gone Home.

On returning to the quarters on Saturday evening, March 8th, I received the following sad news by wire:

"My wife died last night. Can you come and conduct funeral on Wednesday?"—T. A. Calhoun.

The reply was sent, but, oh, what sorrow and how swift the memories of the past swept before my mind. My comrades and friends, beloved and dear, departed comrades—Ex-Major and Mrs. Calhoun. I am sure the husband and children, Frank, Laura, and Grace, have the sympathy and prayers of all the comrades.

Many old friends and comrades will remember dear Mrs. Calhoun as Capt. Florrie Irvine, who was stationed in several places in Ontario and in New Brunswick.

Years of faithful service were spent in the ranks of our dear Army in Newfoundland and different parts of the Dominion.

Some nine years ago we parted, after being together for fifteen months in the Ottawa Division. Master Frank was born in the Imperial City ten years ago this April. I had the joy of giving him to God.

The highest tribute I could pay to any comrade in whom I had ample

chance to recognize the true life and spirit of the Master, was wonderfully fulfilled in our departed sister's character. So full of compassion for the lost and for the poorest—the latter she always lavished her love on.

She was never strong or robust, but grew up in God's love wonderfully, giving him glory for every particle of increasing strength.

While sad circumstances arose causing separation for a time from the front rank of warfare, we are glad to know they always carried with them good will and tenderness toward the organization which they loved.

Bro. and Sister Calhoun, a few years ago, moved to Wingham, Ont. I am glad to say they have both been a help and blessing to the local corps of late taking part and assisting in every way possible. The sainted mother was most successful in training up her children.

The Funeral.

I arrived on Wednesday noon, Mar. 12th. The rain had stopped down for some time, but cleared somewhat by 2 p.m., as the service at the house commenced. The parting scene at the house was most touching, as her mother, and sisters, and brothers closed around the coffin, with the children, and friends, to bid a tender farewell to the one they loved so dearly. The infant babe lay on her arm like an angel. It soothed our sorrow to know they both passed so peacefully into Glory.

A Christian doctor who was in at

the service said, "I have been

working for the Lord for many years, and I have seen many deaths, but this is the most peaceful I have ever seen."

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Sergt. S. Manuel, St. John's I.	28
Cadet W. Connecke, St. John's I.	28
Cadet G. Janes, St. John's I.	28
Lieut. Mercer, St. John's II.	28
S.M. Green, Arnold's Cove	28
J. S. S.M. Seward, Heart's Content	28
John Temple, Arnold's Cove	28
Lieut. Whitshed, Harbor Grace	28
P. S. M. Whiff, Looe Cove	28
P. M. H. Hilding, Greenspond	28
Capt. Burry, Burin	28
Alice Chapman, Little Bay Island	28
Thomas Harrel, Gambo	28
Capt. T. Sainsbury, Old Perlican	28
Sergt. Alice Abbott, Doting Cove	28
Lieut. A. Skinner, Gambo	28
Sergt. Collins, Gambo	28

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Lieut. Forbergh, Winnipeg	119
Lieut. Sherries, Rat Portage	105
Sergt. Taylor, Winnipeg	100
Capt. Blodgett, Jamestown	100
Capt. Brander, Devil's Lake	94
Capt. Habsirk, Medicine Hat	82
Capt. Pearce, Moorhead	75
Lieut. Engdahl, Fort William	74
Mrs. Jones, Winnipeg	60
Mrs. H. C. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	60
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Grand Forks	60
Cadet Miller, Grand Forks	60
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Calgary	55
Lieut. Gamble, Carberry	55
Capt. Gerrard, Port Arthur	55
Lieut. Irwin, Souris	52
Lieut. Nuttall, Edmonton	50
Sister Thompson, Edmonton	50
Ensign Wynn, Brandon	49
Lieut. Papstellen, Brandon	49
Ensign Collett, Rat Portage	47
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Lieut. Crozier, Grafton	46
Capt. Macroe, Fort William	43
Ensign A. Hayes, Fargo	43
Lieut. Cook, Carmen	43
Capt. Scott, Regina	40
Cand. Stickley, Dauphin	40
Lieut. Cuarter, Moose Jaw	33
Bro. McCurdy, Fargo	33
Lieut. Russell, Fargo	32
Capt. Haugen, Grafton	32
Capt. Glover, Moosomin	32
Capt. Livingston, Neepawa	32
Capt. Kemmler, Bismarck	32
Capt. McKay, Fargo	32
Capt. Myers, Prince Albert	32
Cadet H. C. Miller, Minot	32
Lieut. Kearns, Emerson	29
Adjt. Hayes, Lothropide	25
Mrs. Montgomery, Winnipeg	25
Capt. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	25
Mrs. Burrows, Morden	25
Ensign Green, Moose Jaw	25
Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	25
Sergt. McBent, Calgary	26
Capt. Swain, Selkirk	23
Lieut. Wiley, Prince Albert	23
Lieut. Gardiner, Neepawa	22
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The Klondike.

2 Hustlers.

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BAND OF LOVE.

THE HYGIENE CLASS.

Corns.—These are produced by a morbid growth of the skin. They are caused either by friction or by pressure, and are usually the result of wearing a tight and otherwise ill-fitting boot or shoe. Corns are not always produced by the friction of loosely fitted footwear. There are two varieties of corn, hard and soft. Hard corns are formed upon the outside of the toe; soft corns are produced between the toes.

To cure a corn, the first thing to be done is to soften it. To accomplish this, soak the feet in hot water for one hour every night, and then apply a cloth saturated with a strong solution of salaratus. Continue this treatment for three or four days; then remove the corn with a thin, sharp-bladed knife, carefully working the instrument between the corn and the healthy skin beneath. If the whole corn has not been removed, all that now remains to do is to protect the part from pressure. This may be very easily accomplished by placing over it a piece of soft buckskin, in which an opening has been made of the exact size of the corn, which should be

placed exactly over the seat of the disease. By this simple means, the diseased surface will be wholly protected from pressure. Any tendency to harden may be prevented by keeping the buckskin saturated with sweet oil. This simple treatment, if thoroughly applied, will rarely fail to cure a corn.

Here is the latest suggestion. Soak a piece of bread in strong vinegar; apply to the corn as a poultice. The effect is, the corn is so softened that it can easily be removed.

Bunions.—These originate in the same way as corns, and require some similar treatment. Soaking the feet in hot water when they are inflamed, and hatching with cool water at other times, gives great relief. There is much thickening of the skin applying a caustic, as nitrate of silver or lime caustic. When the black surface comes off, apply the caustic again. Wearing a piece of soft buckskin, as directed for corns, will prevent recurrence.

Chilblains.—This annoying affection, though seemingly insignificant, often makes existence a burden by its constant irritation. It is easily cured, but not by the application of any sort of salve, ointment, liniment or quack nostrum, no matter how highly recommended.

Just before retiring, prepare two vessels for a foot bath. Place in one water as hot as can be borne, and in the other very cold water. Place the feet in the hot water for a few minutes, then in the cold water for the same length of time. Alternate this four or five times, merely dipping the feet in the cold water the last time, and then wiping them dry. Repeat this treatment every night until the cure is effected. Improvement will usually begin at once.

Wear thin cotton stockings inside the woolen ones, and avoid exposing the feet to severe cold until they are well. A general bath twice a week is recommended.

A gentleman called at our office the other day, suffering with what his physicians had termed eczema of the feet. The heels and sides of the feet were red and slightly swollen and ex-

ceedingly painful. The trouble began with freezing the feet several years ago, as we found by inquiry. The case was evidently an inflammation or congestion of the skin, or what might not improperly be termed chronic chilblains. The following treatment cured him: (1) Bathe the feet with very hot water for fifteen or twenty minutes every night; (2) after bathing the feet with hot water, rub them well with benzoin zinc ointment.

Tender Feet.—When feet are tender and painful after long walking or standing, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water, a handful of salt to a gallon of water. Have the water as hot as can be comfortably borne; immerse the feet and throw water up over the knees with the hands. When the water grows cool, rub feet and limbs briskly with a dry towel.

Extreme Perspiration.—Just before retiring at night, take a hot and cold foot bath, dipping the feet first in cold water, then in hot, allowing time to remain in each for about one-half minute, and repeating the operation fifteen or twenty times. Then rub with a soft towl, and when dry rub with subnitrate of bismuth, using two heaping table-spoonfuls.

Burning Feet.—Bathe the feet night and morning with tepid water to which a little soap has been added. When nearly dry, dust freely over them a powder composed of one part of powdered calomel and sixteen parts of powdered alum. If the burning is especially troublesome at night, dip in hot water for fifteen minutes before applying the powder. A jug filled with cold water is a good palliative.

Cold Feet.—Cold feet are due to deficient circulation. Administer the alternate hot-and-cold foot bath as directed for chilblains several times a day. Wear large, thick boots or shoes, and thick woolen stockings. Keep the feet dry. Exercise. Allow no constriction about the limbs, as garters or stockings. Observe the upper portions of the limbs, warming. Do not wear rubbers, except for a little while at a time, when necessary. Electric or galvanic soles are of no use whatever. The feet should be kept per-

fectly clean, and the stockings should be changed every day, being allowed to air one day, when they may be worn again. Three changes a week are none too many for cleanliness and warmth. Cork soles are useful.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will receive information concerning persons in any part of the globe, desiring to do so, as far as possible, gratis, and will make every effort to find, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISsionER H. H. BROWN, 155 King Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. A small fee will be charged for expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioners if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

3931. WOODS, WILLIAM JOHN. Age about 35, dark hair. Parents' names Daniel and Margaret Woods. William was adopted by a family (name unknown) at Shiediac or Butoucher, N.S., when quite young. Sister was heard from that he was at Boston, Mass. Sister enquires.

3932. HAMMOND, D. J. Aged 24, height 5 ft. 8 in., fair complexion. Last heard of at Hospital, Port Arthur, Ont. Mother enquires.

(Second insertion.)

3922. PATERSON, WM. J. Accountant, height 5 ft. 3 in., dark blue eyes. Last heard of from Helena, Mont., six years ago. Wife enquires.

3927. JAMES SMITH SHIACH, or JAMES SMITH. Left England for British Columbia three and a-half years ago. 29 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, blue-grey eyes, fair complexion. Last heard from at Adams House, Kalso, B.C., and was then talking of going to the mountains in search of gold.

3928. BLANDFORD, SARAH. Left Herring Neck, Nfld., fourteen years ago. Lived for some time at 239 German St., St. John, N.B.; last heard from four years ago; was then still at St. John. Aged about 40, dark hair. Sister enquires.

3930. BLANDFORD, GEORGE. Lumberman aged 27, height about 6 ft., dark complexion, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Coulsons Bay, Algoma, March, 1900. Sister enquires.

3926. BROWN ARTHUR ERNEST. Age 27, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair, blue eyes, teeth defective. Left elbow deformed from an injury received in an early life. Left Montreal five years ago, was last heard of in Valley, Stevens County, Washington Territory. Is supposed to have sailed from San Francisco to South Africa in November, 1899. Father enquires.

3924. JOHNSTON, WILLIAM JOHN. Native of Ireland. Left Chatham, Ont., nine years ago for Cohoes, New York, where his wife is supposed to be living at present. 56 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 in., light hair, slightly bald. It will be to William's advantage to write to the above address, as his brother Stephen, who is dead, has left some property for him.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make their Wills, and desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made useless by the law relating to charitable bequests. The following course of action is recommended to those who desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

1. Give a DEVISER and BEQUEST TO COMMISsionER H. H. BROWN, 155 King Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. The bequest may be for any amount.

2. Give a DEVISER and BEQUEST TO COMMISsionER H. H. BROWN, 155 King Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. The bequest may be for any amount.

3. Give a DEVISER and BEQUEST TO COMMISsionER H. H. BROWN, 155 King Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. The bequest may be for any amount.

The Commissiioner will be pleased to procure further information, and will be happy to receive any communications made to him on this subject.

Letters concerning this subject should be marked private and addressed to COMMISsionER H. H. BROWN, 155 King Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

J. S. PRIZES FOR OUR J. S. ANNUAL.

We have a large assortment of Nice Books
—recommended by the Chief of the Staff at
the following prices each:

6c., 12c., 18c. and 25c.

ALSO

"LIFE OF JOHN READ"

Special cloth..... 30c.
Paper..... 15c.

THE WARRIOR'S LIBRARY.

Vol. I.—Catherine Booth..... 20c.

" II.—A School of the Prophets..... 20c.

" III.—Our War in South Africa..... 20c.

Bible Battle Axes..... 35c.

Books that Bless..... 45

Servants of All..... 45

Charles Finney..... 50

John Wesley..... 40

Twenty-one Years Salvation Army..... 40

Heathen England..... 40

Salvation Navy..... 40

Backwoods Preacher..... 50

" paper..... 25

Helps to Holiness, cloth..... 25

Please order through your Provincial Depot, or, if none, direct from

THE TRADE SECRETARY, Toronto, Can.



Original Salvation Songs.

WONDERFUL LOVE.

By A. A. WHITAKER.

Tune—Wonderful Joy (B. J. 228).

There's a love that is high as the Heaven above—
Deeper than the unfathomable sea.For it flows from the heart of the Saviour of men,
And its waters have reached even me.

Chorus—Joy, joy, wonderful joy!

I was once far away on the mountain of sin,
And was lost in the wilderness wild,
But the Lord in His mercy came seeking for me
And His love took me in as His child.

First He pardoned my sins, and He then gave me joy.

Such a joy that I cannot express.

Then He saved me and cleansed me from all inbred sin,

And He filled me with His righteousness.

I am lost in amazement to think of this love,
Of the love that gave Jesus to die.

To save such a rebel and snatch me from hell,

And fit me for mansions on high.

All the pleasures of earth fade away like a mist,

When the flame of this love fills the soul.

For the bliss of the sanctified ever shall last—
While the years of eternity roll.

Let me soar above earth and its transient delights,

Let me rise upon wings like a dove,
And bask in the sunshine of love so divine.

Till I enter the Kingdom of Love.

PRECIOUS JESUS.

By Lieut. S. FRENCH, Newfoundland.

Tune—Always Cheerful (B. J. 43).

2 Precious Jesus, friend of sinners,
Thou alone canst pardon sin;
Cleanse the heart from all corruption,
Purify and keep it clean.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me.
Long my heart has sighed for comfort,
Yearning for this precious rest,
But when leaning on His bosom,
And crying, I was blest.Jesus is my greatest treasure,
Peace and joy in Him I find,
All my life is at His service,
Self and sin I've left behind.

FIGHTING ON.

CAPTAIN MAY LANG.

Tune—A robe of white (B. J. 5)

Fighting on, in the strength of God,
Fighting on, fighting on,
Telling of Jesus' love abroad,
Fighting, fighting on.

Chorus.

A peace we have, a joy untold,
Because we have been saved from sin,
A Saviour's love that can't be told,
With Him we're sure to win.For Jesus is our Saviour, He's washed our sins away,
Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain.We're happy in His dying love, singing all the day,
We're living, yes, we're living, in the fountain.No longer spurn His offered grace,
But hasten to be free,
Sing now beneath the crimson flow,
And claim the victory.

HASTE TO THE FOUNTAIN.

By J. BELLAMY, London, Ont.

Tunes—Jim Blake, the engineer; or,
Where do you journey, my brother? (B. J. 171).5 Come to the sin-cleansing fountain,
Come now with thy burden of sin,
Come, busy thy sins 'neath its waters,
Tis there you will find a relief.

Chorus.

Then haste, oh, haste to the fountain,
There's pardon and mercy for thee,
For Jesus is waiting to save you.In mercy He's pleading with thee,
Come just as you are to the fountain.For Jesus is calling you now,
He says though your sins be as scarlet
He'll wash them as white as the snow.

I'LL NEVER GO BACK.

By LIEUT. S. MORGAN, Newfoundland.

Tune—They never came back.

Once I wandered far from God,
No peace had I within,I sought for rest and happiness,
But, ah, I sought in vain.But when I came to Christ my Lord,
He filled my soul with joy.He gave me peace and happiness
That nothing can destroy.

Chorus.

I'll never go back, I'll never go back,
To sin and the devil again.For God I will fight, I know I am
right,

Then in heaven with Him I shall reign.

And now I'll live for God alone,
Since He has set me free.To do His blessed holy will
My highest aim shall be.Then when this life down here is o'er,
And I've the victory won.

'Mid shouts of glory I'll go home

To hear the glad "Well done."

Oh, sinner, come to Jesus now,

No longer from Him stray,

The precious blood of Christ still flows

To wash your sins away.

Tunes—oh, haste to the fountain,
There's pardon and mercy for thee,

For Jesus is waiting to save you.

In mercy He's pleading with thee,

Come just as you are to the fountain.

For Jesus is calling you now,
He says though your sins be as scarlet

He'll wash them as white as the snow.

WELL STICK TO THE ARMY, LADS

By JOHN HOYLE, J. S. S. M., Huntsville, Oct.

Tune—The ship I love.

The Gospel ship has stood the
wrack of many an angry kiss.Our dear old Army slurred and
spurned by many a Judas kiss.

But still our Captain we'll obey,

As He has given.

We'll stick to the ship, my lads,

through every gale she's driven.

Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.

Chorus.

We'll stick to the Army, lads; some
may live at ease,We'll stem the storm, my lads, Jesus
alone we'll please,For the lost on every shore, lifeboat
speeding true;Ready? Yes, Lord, every time, to
duty do.Divisions many she has stood,
the deepest hate and scorn,

The purging of our ranks has left the

bravest and the strong;

So on we go to do the will of God our

Father true,

We'll stick to eye to the Army, lads,

the yellow, red, and blue;

Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.

The lost to save our lives we'll give,

our pension it is sure,

For those who houses, lands do leave

shall have hundred more;

The gale our timbers strain may

strain, but sink we never can,

We'll stem the storm and stick to the

ship, yes, Lord, to the weakest

Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.Holiness, the flag we fly, its nailed to
the masthead strong,

God's love inspires our hearts to save

and bless the needy throng,

And to the crew to do their

duty well and true,

To save the lost, bring shipwrecked

souls to the heavenly harbor

pure,

Be true to God, be true; be true to
God, be true.

COME TO-DAY.

By CAPT. M. LANG.

Tune—Better World (B. J. 11).

7 Oh, sinner, hear the Saviour call,
Come to-day, come to-day;

At this moment yield your all.

Come to-day, come to-day.

Your many sins He will forgive,

He'll pardon all, and bid you live,

True peace and joy to you He'll give,

Come to-day, come to-day.

For you He died upon the tree,

Come to-day, come to-day;

That you might be from sin set free,

Come to-day, come to-day;

Why not refuse his love and say

You'll come to Him some other day?

When time is passing fast away,

Come to-day, come to-day.

Oh! sinner, once again I plead

Come to-day, come to-day

To Jesus, as He calls, give heed.

Come to-day, come to-day.

How sad when heaven's gates are

closed,

How sad to knock and be refused,

Because you did not Jesus choose,

Come to-day, come to-day.

Coming Events.

COL AND MRS. JACOBS

will visit

LONDON, Sunday and Monday, April 19th
and 20th.

Spiritual Specials.

STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT AND CAPT.
URQUHARTWill visit Bracebridge, Thurs., April
10, to Mon., April 21.

West Ontario Province.

MAJOR McMILLAN

Will visit London, Sat., Sun., and
Mon., April 12, 13, 14.

Central Ontario Province.

TRAINING HOME STAFF.

Women Cadets, under the direction
of Ensign Brethwell, will visit Yorkville,
Sun., April 12.Men Cadets, under the direction of
Capt. Trickley, will visit Huron St.,
Sun., April 13.Cadets, under the direction of Staff-
Capt. Stanyan, will visit Riverside,
Sun., April 20.

COME HOME TO-NIGHT!

Words by "DEVOTION." Music by STAFF-CAPT. BLASKETT, Arr. by ADJ. W. H. GORE.

"Come home to-night!" a mother's voice is pleading, "I will forgive the nameless sin and

Chorus.

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